

The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

MAY

1929



Mary Frances Shuford—Marian King—Kenneth Payson Kempton



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"American Girl" premiums

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presents a list of

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"The American Girl"

This is a fine summer companion, with mysteries, athletic and handicraft articles, and camp news. Sell three one year subscriptions to your friends, and earn one for yourself as a premium.

How to earn these premiums

Read the footnotes in this issue and tell your friends what jolly stories and interesting features are coming in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Ask them to buy subscriptions or—if they are already subscribers—to renew through you. Then send the subscriptions or renewals with the money for them, and write a letter stating what premium or premiums you want.

There are many more articles that you may earn. Write for a premium list, which will tell you all about them. We will send it to you by the next mail. Write today!



I earned my own camp equipment.
You can do it, too

THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Well, of All Things!

BY THIS time we are wondering how Thalice Spear of Rockport, Maine, and Julia Thornberg of Freeport, New York, like the articles, *A Modern Room for a Modern Girl*, for both of them wrote letters about the same time hoping for articles on fixing up their own rooms. Thalice writes: "Just great" describes THE AMERICAN GIRL. But it seems I have hunted through every magazine printed to find suggestions for an attractive bedroom but have found nothing."

Julia writes: "The 'I Am a Girl Who—' page is, I think, most interesting and I hope you will keep it in. And I don't know what we should do without Hazel Cades' talks. I hope we can have some more serials by the author of *Chestnut Court*. I like the articles which tell us how to do things—decorating our rooms and the like."

Near to our hearts is the request from Mary Evelyn Goddard of Valparaiso, Indiana, who writes: "I am very glad you have started a page for letters from AMERICAN GIRL readers and I would like to make a request concerning this page. Could we have just a small space for those who would like to receive letters from their numerous fellow subscribers?" When we have many more subscribers and so can have many more pages in the magazine, this is one of the things we want to do, too.

A dissenter is LeNore Hanson of Hart, Michigan, who writes: "The 'I Am a Girl Who—' story about twins interested me the first thing when I got my February AMERICAN GIRL this morning, but I'm so disappointed in it. How Penny and Daphne could feel the way they did about being twins, dressing alike, and being mistaken in their respective identities, is beyond me. To me, to be a twin would be just too wonderful."

"When I was little," writes Mary Ellen Higbee of La Crosse, Wisconsin, "we used to get a magazine, and in it were letters of people who received it and who told how they jumped when it came. I never believed those letters, but now I look for THE AMERICAN GIRL the twenty-fifth of each month. The day it comes, THE AMERICAN GIRL and I are inseparable. I read every story."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Write to the *Well, of All Things!* editor and tell what you think of the stories and articles in THE AMERICAN GIRL. We hope to make this column into a whole page soon, so that we can print more contributions giving the criticisms and ideas of our readers.

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{The sloped sides make it fit}



Watch for the MAN O' WAR S. O. S. Safety Slogan contest for Girl Scouts to be announced in a later issue.

Keep a diary at CAMP

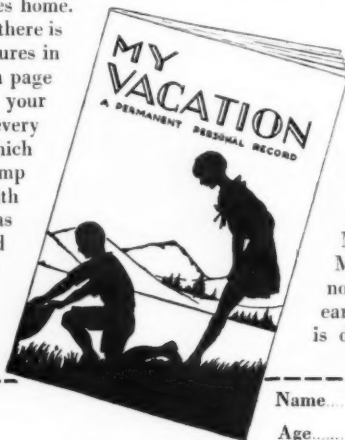
MAN O' WAR will GIVE you one

Here is a new and totally different kind of diary, designed especially for the girl who goes away to camp. Camping is twice as much fun with a diary like this. And the girl who keeps it has an interesting way of telling her friends about her camp days when she comes home.

When you go on an overnight hike there is a special place to record your adventures in this interesting little book. There's a page for your photograph, a page for your friends' autographs, a place for every daily event at camp, columns in which to describe canoe trips, hikes, camp fires and camp plays. There are health and swimming hints, too, as well as a page for your cash accounts and a page to keep a record of your camp equipment and clothing. The title of this new MAN O' WAR diary is "MY VACATION".

This new, outdoor diary will be sent free to any Girl Scout who intends to go to camp next summer. All you have to do is to send in the coupon. There is no obligation, no catch, we simply want you to have this diary and en-

joy your camp days more because of it. And we want to remind you of the MAN O' WAR Middy and of the other smart togs for camp wear that MAN O' WAR is making this year. For when you pack for camp you will need MAN O' WAR Middies and several other MAN O' WAR garments. And now for the coupon. Get it in early before the supply of diaries is depleted.



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Along the Editor's Trail

"WHY," I wondered the other day, "do people persist in pretending to like the things they don't like, and in denying that they like the things they do?"

There is a quotation I first heard in an English class that expresses the same thing better:

"We don't like what we only like too much,
We do like what, if taken at our word, we find abundantly detestable."



It was my old character book that started me on the subject of pretended and real likes and dislikes. I came across it when I was rummaging in a dusty wooden box that holds notebooks and papers and programs—mementos of my school days that I had packed away.

Perhaps you have seen a character book—an ordinary notebook, mine was, with a dark brown cover and my name lettered on it in India ink. In it, in various handwritings and with various degrees of honesty, were written the likes and dislikes, the tastes and ambitions of friends and acquaintances. Each page had a row of questions down the left side, and there was enough space allowed next each question for the person who had been invited to write to indicate the answer.

The questions varied according to the owner of the book. In our crowd, most of them began with: "Who is your favorite girl?", "Who is your favorite boy?", and went on with "What is your favorite book?", "What do you like to do best?" and "What is your pet ambition?" Many a precious minute during a study hour that should have been devoted to discovering the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle or to conquering an army of French verbs was spent, instead, in deciding whether it would be more fun to be a great novelist, an actress, or to marry a man with a yacht!

But what interested me most, as I turned the

pages of my book, were the answers to the questions about literary and artistic preferences. Why, for example, did nearly everyone write "Shakespeare" or "Dickens" or "Sir Walter Scott" as favorite authors, when I knew they really read more of the kind of stories most boys and girls read—school and adventure tales and exciting mysteries. And why were Rembrandt and Frans Hals nearly always first in their list of favorite painters?

Now I know that it is perfectly possible to appreciate the classics and, at the same time, enjoy lighter and more temporary forms of reading. For a while in my 'teens my favorite author really was Dickens, and right next to him on the same pedestal in my mind, I placed a woman whose name I don't recall, but whose books about boys and girls and their summer adventures on a farm I read with an interest at least equal to the ardor with which I gobbled *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Pickwick Papers*.

Not having written in my own character book—I'm rather sorry now that it apparently wasn't considered the proper thing to do—I have no record of whether or not I was more honest than the rest in stating the things I preferred. But I should like very much to think that, in other girls' books, I boldly wrote the name of my now unremembered lady author along with the more illustrious name of Mr. Charles Dickens. For, somehow, it seems very foolish to refuse to acknowledge a fact for fear it might make one seem less important intellectually—almost as foolish as to pretend a knowledge of something one knows little about, just to impress others.

An appreciation of the fine and gracious things in life is a mark of the civilized human being. But, to be worth anything, it should be an appreciation honestly arrived at, not a parroting of other people's opinions, an echoing of other people's thoughts.

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PAULINE STEINBERG, Assistant Editor

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Old Ships

By DAVID MORTON

THERE is a memory stays upon old ships,
 A weightless cargo in the musty hold—
 Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,
 Of stormy midnights—and a tale untold.
 They have remembered islands in the dawn,
 And windy capes that tried their slender spars,
 The tortuous channels where their keels have gone,
 And calm, blue nights of stillness and the stars.

Ah, never think that ships forget a shore,
 Or bitter seas, or winds that made them wise;
 There is a dream upon them, evermore;
 And there be some who say that sunk ships rise
 To seek familiar harbours in the night,
 Blowing in mists, their spectral sails like light.

From "Ships in Harbour" published
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Margaret Mochrie, Editor

May, 1929

That Freshman Mascot!

By MARY FRANCES SHUFORD

ANN AND Constance had it all figured out that the sophs had a mascot—size, shape and color unknown—but just the same they had one and were planning to use it in the big parade that always preceded the soph-freshman May Day celebration.

Hilda, the soph president, lived two doors to the right down the hall. Her window ledge and Ann's were the same piece of wood. When a crowd of sophs gathered in Hilda's room, Ann always opened her window and leaned as far out as the law of gravity allowed. All is fair in a soph-freshie war, and for Ann to listen in on a soph conference was perfectly ethical.

This afternoon such words and phrases as "mascot" and "May Day Parade"—"too cute and really alive"—"put one over on the freshies," came floating down the window ledge. The sophs were awfully excited and talked too loud and Ann, hanging on by her toes and toppling with seeming instability between the third floor and the campus, had gathered in enough information to keep her mind off her studies for a week or more.

"I feel sure I would have found out what kind of a mascot they have," said Ann to Connie that night when Connie came in to study math, "only Miss Whittier saw me and she tapped on her window and shook her head and made such a to-do, I had to pull my center of equilibrium back into the room."

Ann sighed regretfully. Miss Whittier was the dean and a great trial. Her window ledge was a continuation to the left of Ann's and Hilda's, which made her live entirely too close for comfort.

"She's always home at the wrong time," complained Ann. "Every time I'm just about to do something interesting, she cramps my style."

Constance nodded understandingly. "I know," she said, "but if the sophs have a mascot, the freshies

ought to have one too. And if they don't have one, it would still be a good idea for the freshies to have one and put something over on them. We'll have to think of some way to get one, no matter if Miss Whittier is the world's greatest preventive!"

"Of course we can make a dummy something-or-other," suggested Ann.

Connie shook her head. "You heard 'em say alive, didn't you? And if theirs is alive, ours ought to be alive too, or else they might say we had a dummy for a dumb class, or 'What's dumber than a dummy? A freshman!'" Connie mimicked the soph's tantalizing war cry.

"We simply can't give 'em a chance to say anything like that," continued Connie. "Maybe if we ask Miss Whittier, she'll let us keep a live something-or-other down in the basement."

Ann shook her head.

"If we ask, we're lost before we're even found," she said. "Don't I know how things go at this prep school? If you want something, you can't have it; if you don't want it, you've got to take it. The only way to have what you want is to keep your wants a secret. And, besides all of that, if we had something in the basement, the sophs would steal it or copy it or make fun of it before we could parade with it, and our whatever-we-get would be a total flop before we even get it."

Ann looked gloomily out the window. It was raining hard and a strong spring wind swept noisily through the campus. All the windows in Old East Dormitory rattled at one time. She glanced towards Hilda's room. Hilda was evidently spending study hour in the library. Her room was dark. Her window was open half a crack and her white curtain fluttered in the rain and swept the window ledge, picking up the mud and soot.

Illustrations by
Edward Monks



"A goat would be nice, Mr. Woohgee," said Connie. "No goat," contradicted Ann

"This is a grand night for planning something wild," said Connie. She leaned back in her chair and thought a moment. Then she got up and opened the closet door. "There's lots of room in here for something," she said. "If we stack the hats and put the slippers on the shelf we can easily make this into a happy, secluded home for a smallish sort of mascot!"

Ann came and looked over her shoulder. "That's a moderately good idea," she said after a moment's deliberation. "We would have to push the dresses out of the way and put a box in the corner. But what would we feed it?"

"That depends upon what it eats," replied Connie. "If we get a horse we'll feed it biscuits. If we get a rabbit we'll give it ham and eggs. If we get a dog we'll give it hay. As soon as we think of the mascot thinking of what to feed it will not be hard."

Ann gave a disdainful little grunt and went back to the window.

Connie finished her job and sat down again. She looked at the ceiling and assumed an attitude that registered intense thinking.

"When Dad was in college," she said at last, "his class had a goat for a mascot. Their football team took it everywhere to bring 'em luck. They had a straw hat for it and a pair of red and green pants. They dressed it up for every class stunt. Dad says the boys would fight like anything for that goat. I bet it was fun." She sat up straight.

"Why couldn't we have a goat? We could dress it up in our black and gold colors. We could make a banner for it saying: 'The sophs can't get our goat!' I bet that would rag 'em. Let's get a goat!"

Ann looked at her pityingly. "You're just ignorant about goats," she said. "It's impossible to keep a goat a secret. I know because we had one once and everybody in town knew we had it. And besides that, no goat's going to live a week in my clothes closet."

"But a smallish sort of goat would fit in there very nicely—you know, just a youngish, immature sort of goat, appropriate for freshmen. We could wash it before we put it in there. After a goat is washed, it's as clean as anything else."

Ann shook her black curls again. "Only maybe," she said, "and besides that, I know what goats eat. They eat clothes. They love them."

"But the banner would be simply hotsey-totsey," insisted Connie. "The sophs can't get our goat! It's excellent!"

"Yes," said Ann, "but that goat could get my blue taffeta evening dress. That dress looks a lot better on the outside of me than it would on the inside of a goat. Goats are very destructive."

Connie sighed and picked up a book.

"Anyway it was a good idea," she said disconsolately.

"Think of another," suggested Ann. "And don't think

of a giraffe or an elephant or a hippopotamus. We can't keep any of those things in that little snip of a closet."

Connie grinned and turned to her lessons.

Ann picked up her geometry, but she found it hard to be interested in planes and triangles. At last she flung her book on the bed.

"All I want is one good idea," she said, "but no matter what sort of animal I think of I can think of no way to get it up here unobserved. There really should be a special sort of spirit around somewhere to help freshmen at odd times like this."

"Maybe there is," said Connie. She closed her book firmly in a manner that indicated that she would open it no more this night. She let her gaze wander around the room until she spied a little bronze Chinese Buddha sitting



squat and square on a bronze rug and holding a little saucer in which one could burn incense. Connie had given the little figure to Ann for Christmas. Ann's thanks had been lukewarm because incense smoke always made her sneeze. Nevertheless she had liked the little Chinaman enough to name him Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee because she said

he had a fat "woohgee-poohgee" expression. Then she set him on her desk more or less out of sight and forgot him as often as Connie would let her. Connie had a great fondness for him, though, and could see him even when he was well behind Brice's *Short History of the United States*. She pointed to him.

"There," she said. "We'll pray to Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee. He's a god or a spirit or something in China and for all we know he may be one in the United States, too. Let's burn incense to him and invite him to join our class and help us out. We can at least find out if he works."

She dragged Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee to the front and dusted him off. She set him in the middle of the floor and started his smoke ascending towards the ceiling. Ann got out four handkerchiefs to sneeze into, and they both got

down on their knees in front of him.

"Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee," Ann said. "You know what we want. How about it? Ker-choo—just a smallish mascot that the—ker-choo—sophs

can't find, that the sophs—ker-choo—will be jealous of."

"A goat would be nice. Mr. Woohgee," suggested Connie. "No goat," contradicted Ann. "We need something that won't make a mess or ruin clothes or eat much."

The girls sat back on their heels and waited. Mr. Woohgee regarded them impassively. He neither blinked nor nodded. The smoke curled right around his nose and he didn't bother to sneeze. He looked as unconcerned as if he wasn't even there.

"He's no—ker-choo—good," said Ann.

She started to rise but Connie held her back.

"Wait one more little minute," she urged.

There was a lull in the rain and the windows had stopped rattling for a moment. The girls listened breathlessly. And then something outside said very distinctly and very plaintively, "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow."

"I'm dreaming," said Connie.

"Me, too," said Ann. "Listen."

"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow," came again and louder.

"It is on the window ledge," said Connie.

They sprang across the room and flung open the window. It was black as ink outside.

"What is it?" asked Connie.

"It is a cow," said Ann. "Cows always say me-ow when they get hung up on a third floor window ledge."

Connie leaned far along the ledge and strained her eyes.

"Anyway it's an animal," she announced. "I can see its green head lights. It's in the gutter. Here kitty-kitty-kitty. She won't budge. Kitty-kitty. She's trying to get in Miss Whittier's room. She must be muddled trying to get in there! Kitty-kitty—she won't come."

Ann ran to her closet and got her umbrella with the crook handle. "Move over," she ordered. "I have to save this cow from Ole Lady Whit. If it gets in her room she'll wring its neck." She reached along the ledge as far as she could. "Hold on to my heels, Connie, while I reach further—there—come along, kitty-kitty."

She hooked her umbrella around the cat and dragged it toward her. Connie braced herself and hung on to the part of Ann left in the room. Ann pulled and coaxed until finally the thing said, "Me-ow," and came on its own power.

Just as Ann put out her hand to grasp it Hilda's light flashed on.

"What did you catch?" whispered Connie.

"It's a fish," said Ann. "Anyway it's as wet as one."

She drew her head and arms into the room. As she did so Hilda's window flew open and Hilda's head popped out into the rain.

Connie closed Ann's window quickly and pulled down the shade.

"Hot ziggity!" said Ann. "She may have seen me catch something, but she couldn't see what, because I had my hand over it. Look."

She held up a scrawny, half drowned gray kitten.

"Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee's answer to prayer," breathed Connie.

Ann held the kitten at arm's length and turned it around.

"It looks more like a question than an answer," she said. "The question is will it live or will it not?"

She placed the kitten on the floor beside Mr. Woohgee. The poor little thing let its head wobble uncertainly. It took a feeble step or two and then toppled over.

"It's here but to die," said Connie sadly—and then on sudden inspiration: "We'll name it Rit."

The kitten looked up and opened its mouth, showing a very pink tongue. It mewled in a whisper. Apparently it was too weak to make any more noise.

"Well, anyway, such as it is, it is ours," said Ann. "When you rescue something from the gutter, it's yours, and just let the sophs get it if they can." She leaned over to pick up Rit, but Mr. Woohgee's smoke got up her nose



Connie looked at Ann's red face, and at Ritzy flying from Ann to dresser, scattering suds. "For cat's sakes!" she cried

and she had a fit of sneezing that took up her whole thought for about five minutes, to the exclusion of even the mascot.

As Ann gave her last ker-choo, Connie heard Hilda close her window very softly.

Connie ran to the door and locked it.

"She was listening," whispered Connie. "I bet Ritzy is the sophs' mascot—and we have it! Oh, boy! Oh! Mr. Woohgee, how I love you! I'll make Ritzy's bed right now."

She dived into the closet and started pulling out boxes. Rit seemed to take strength from Connie's enthusiasm. She straightened up, shook herself, and then took a little stroll across the room. With each step she left a very sooty cat track on the floor.

Ann reached out an investigating hand and stroked Ritzy's wet fur. Her fingers were blackened.

"This cat's full of soot," announced Ann, "and she doesn't go into my closet until she's washed. And she's going to be washed *right now*."

She filled the basin with warm water and dumped in half a box of soap flakes. Ritzy watched her with an unsuspecting eye. Then Ann picked the kitten up by the nape of the neck and held her over the steaming basin. Ritzy squirmed and all of her nine lives seemed to take on new strength. Ann plunged her beneath the suds. Ritzy's submergence was brief. With astounding vim and vigor she escaped from Ann's grasp.

"Ye-owl," she said. She scrambled up Ann's arm, scratched Ann's neck and landed on top of Ann's head, from which she jumped to the dresser.

"Whoop!" shouted Ann.

Connie came tumbling out of the closet. She looked at Ann's red face and at Ritzy flying from Ann to dresser, from dresser to chair and scattering soap suds everywhere she traveled.

"For cat's sake!" said Connie, and she leaned against the wall and laughed until a tear rolled down the side of her nose.

There was a loud knock at the door. The girls grew quiet instantly.

"Hilda," breathed Connie.

"It's Ole Whit," whispered Ann.

The knock was repeated.

Connie grabbed Ritzy and flung her into the closet and locked the door.

There was another loud rap from the outside.

Ann dropped down on the bed and pulled the comfortable over her. She reached for a book. Connie flopped into a chair and began studying the dictionary.

The person outside rapped determinedly.

"Let her in," said Ann.

Connie opened the door. It was Hilda. She walked in looking eagerly from right to left. Obviously she was searching for something.

"I thought Ann must be sick," she explained. "I heard her sneezing and I came over to see if I can do something for her." Ann thought she had a queer look.

"Really?" said Ann politely. "that's neighborly of you."

"I thought maybe you were catching cold or something," continued Hilda while her gaze shifted from under the bed to behind the pictures.

"I was catching something," said Ann sweetly, "and now I've caught it, and from the way I feel I think I'm going to *keep* it a long time. It's sort of a hunch I've got."

Connie giggled. She never could be as cool as Ann. There was another determined knock on the door. The door was opened before Connie could get her face straight. It was Miss Whittier.

"Girls, what does this noise mean?" she said sternly. "Have you forgotten this is study hour? Hilda, have you and Constance permission to spend study hour out of your room?"

Connie reached in her pocket for her permission slip.

"I just came in a moment, Miss Whittier," explained Hilda. "Ann is sick. You see she has a fever, her face is so red and she's been sneezing her head off. I came to see if I could do something for her."

Ann had her ear turned toward the closet. She heard a very faint me-ow. Ann groaned.

"Are you ill, Ann?" asked Miss Whittier.

"Well, you see," explained Ann, "it was simply raining cats and—er—kittens outside, and I leaned out to look at the weather and I got all wet. And now I have a pain here." Ann put her hand on the spot where Ritzy had stepped from chest to head—"and here," she touched the place where Ritzy had stepped from head to bed.

Another me-ow came from the closet.

Ann groaned again. Miss Whittier looked concerned.

"I think," said Ann, "if Hilda would get me some milk it would help what I've caught."

Miss Whittier got her thermometer. She took Ann's temperature, she felt Ann's pulse. And all the time the me-ows from the closet kept getting louder and Ann's groans grew stronger to drown out the me-ows.

"Just a little milk," begged Ann. "I'm sure a little milk will have a most quieting effect; sedative, you know."

Miss Whittier turned to Hilda.

"Go to the pantry," she ordered, "and tell the maid to give you a glass of milk for Ann." She turned to Ann. "And if I hear another sound from this room, Ann, you go right to the infirmary."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ann very meekly, "but I feel better already, really I do, Miss Whittier. I don't need to go to the infirmary. I'm *sure* the milk will cure me."

Miss Whittier tried hard to suppress her smile and she succeeded. She went back to her room, but she left her door open—the better to hear, my dear!

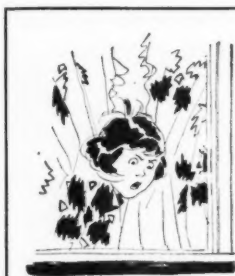
Hilda soon returned with the milk. She tried to linger—but, with Ole Whit's door open, lingering was not quite safe. All she could do was look around once more and then go home. Connie closed the door behind her and cut a few joyous capers.

"Oh! boy!" she whispered, "a soph waiting on freshies and bringing food for the freshies' mascot! Oh! excellent!" She caught up Mr. Woohgee and kissed him on the brow and both bulging cheeks.

Ann opened the closet door.

Ritzy walked out waving her tail and expressing indignation with every step. Between howls she had done a little washing in her own way. The soap suds were gone. She had dried enough for her gray fur to be fluffy and soft. She looked pounds heavier and a hundred per cent handsomer. She made quite a good-looking mascot.

-(Continued on page 36)



Jo Ann and the Joke

ABOVE, you see Jo Ann, looking down at her ancient enemy, Tommy Bassick. Notice the anger and contempt in her glance, and then imagine, if you can, the things that happen when she and Tommy attend the same wedding! Wicky is there, too, and—but read this rollicking new story.

By

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Coming in June



Dusk had fallen, but a tip-tilted moon rode high over the gloaming

Out beyond the surf was a ghostly ship riding against the gray sky

Proud as Lucifer

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

Illustrations by Frank Schoonover

NANCY had that shivery feeling when first she woke that morning. "Shivery" doesn't fit it, for she was warm at the same time. It was real—as real as Cape Pogue and Chappaquidick out the window, misty pink with dawn. It was terrible, yet it thrilled her. It was—something coming.

Being the daughter and granddaughter of sea captains, and the great-great-et-cetera-daughter of a funny old parson who believed only broomstick-riding witches had such things as premonitions, Nancy turned her back on the shivery feeling and promptly went to sleep again.

When next her eyes opened it was ten o'clock. Pale spring sunshine flooded her windows. And the voice of a stranger talking with her grandmother was coming up the stairs.

"You're sure there's nothing, Mrs. Mayhew? No glass or hooked rugs? No Lanterns? Surely there must be—"

Gam broke in: "No, no, nothing, I assure you!"

Another cottager after antiques, thought Nancy with amused disgust. What on earth they could see in—

"Ha! What about this?"

"No, no, not that!" Gam's voice trembled with dismay. "Give it back to me, please."

Up the stairs came the whisper of ruffled pages. Then the stranger, soberly: "Mrs. Mayhew, I could give you two hundred dollars for this book."

There was a startled pause. Even Nancy stiffened with surprise. In Edgartown village, two hundred dollars is a lot of money. Two hundred dollars would take Gam and her, after the cottages were boarded up and the rich summer people gone, half through next winter. But why should Gam be thinking of that?

Gam's voice, deeply distressed and wavering, cut into her thoughts. "Oh, please! No! Wait! I'll have to think it over. Give me till tomorrow. Please let me tell you then."

"Why, that's all right, Mrs. Mayhew." The stranger

seemed mildly amused; his voice patted Gam on the back. "Nothing to worry about. I'll drop in again tomorrow morning. Remember, two hundred—"

The big front door closed so smartly that the glass in the fanlight rattled. Inside its panels Nancy heard something between a gasp and a sob.

She popped out of bed—this would never do. She slipped into a gray flannel blouse and whipcord riding-breeches, relics of school in Connecticut. She packed her cloud of dusky gold curls into the blue beret, which was useful in keeping the hair out of her eyes, but ridiculously ornamental too. Even while dressing she had a sense of something planned, in these clothes. She hadn't hesitated—just grabbed and pulled them on. She always went sailing in these clothes. Queer. Oh, nonsense!

Her white sneakers whisked downstairs. Gam was in the kitchen, a brave smell of bacon and eggs in the air. Gam's face was determinedly blank. It would never do to ask right out.

"You spoil me, honey," said Nancy, kissing the little old lady. "You had yours? Why didn't you rout me out?"

"You need your sleep, child. How was the dance?"

"Fine, except for the summer people. They put on airs." Nancy's mouth was full, and she wore a milk mustache. As she perched on a corner of the fine old Heppelwhite chair, ravenously bolting breakfast, she looked a child of ten instead of the young person sixteen whom St. Ursula's had "finished," glib in four languages and the great-great-et-cetera of a Puritan parson. "They float in as if they'd rather die than be there, and they giggle in corners."

At mention of summer people, Gam's delicate gray face had set like cement. Her head was high. Her lips fitted together. "Season's starting early," was all she said, and moved stiffly back to her immaculate kitchen sink.

From her place at the dining-room table, Nancy's eyes lifted furtively to look through the hall into the parlor.

"Why, what's happened to Gran's log-book?" she asked in real surprise. Could it be that musty old thing that all the fuss was about? It had always stood on the end of the bottom shelf in the bookcase. It was as much a part of that dim parlor as the peacock plume in the corner, the conch shells on the hearth, the tinted engravings of Gam and Gran on their wedding day. It was so familiar that

Nancy had never looked at it. Now it left a thick black hole. How very strange!



Nancy whirled. Over the dunes stood the square black lump of the hotel. One window glowed like an eye

Gam rattled dishes. "I—I put it away," came faintly; then, forced through her stubborn old teeth, "Man wants to buy it. Two hundred dollars."

Nancy whistled; a dozen St. Ursulas couldn't have cured her of that. "My goodness, why *don't* you, Gam darling? It's a wonderful chance, if anybody's so—" She caught herself just in time.

Gam stood in the doorway. Her blue eyes had the absorbed intensity of the very old, who are looking at what there is to see ahead . . . "Nancy," she said in a small voice, "have you decided about the Blums?"

Poor Nancy! This glorious day had made her forget she was unhappy. Now it all came pouring back on her—the Blums' great Italian villa at Gay Head; Mrs. Blum's patronizing offer of a position as companion to her two youngest, aged six and nine; the attractive salary; and the grim fact of older children in the family, a boy and a girl near her own age, having their jolly times while she had to look on.

Nancy had stopped eating, with her fork in mid-air. "Rachel Blum was there last night," she whispered, staring at nothing. "She was—the worst." Then, abruptly,



while her lips fitted together. "Gam, I have decided. I just can't do it."

Gam stared at her, her lip quivering; then she gave an odd little laugh. "There's only one trouble with you Mayhews," she said, indicting with a phrase the whole line of sea captains running back to that solitary, gaunt figure of the non-conformist parson: "Ye're proud as Lucifer."

"So I am, and proud of it!" the girl flashed. "And— and so are you, Gam. How about that book, for instance?"

"No, no!" The old lady's face was suddenly distorted with fear. "That's not pride—the most of it isn't pride. There's something—" She brought herself up short; her lips went together. "Never mind. I'm going down to market."

Tension relaxed. "Let me go, honey," Nancy pleaded, contrite before the tragic self-control in Gam's wizened features. "You stay here and rest, Gam."

"No. I want to go. Fresh air'll do me good. I aim to give that Silva a piece of my mind. The last cut of meat we had wasn't fit . . ." The reedy voice died away as Gam moved about the hall finding her bonnet and shawl. The subject of their talk was already pressed well down, stamped upon, locked up. This would be the last of it forever.

"I might stay out over dinner," Nancy called. "Going sailing." Now, when had she decided that? She wondered. "Be careful, child," came the piping voice, and the door shut softly.

Without an instant's hesitation Nancy streaked upstairs to Gam's bedroom. She had no difficulty finding the book. She knew just where poor old Gam would be likely to hide it, and it was there, tucked under the mattress of the great four-poster.

But out with it came a letter dated New York the day before yesterday.

Nancy saw at once that it was from the insurance company whose checks had been, in those first years after Dad's death, such a fascinating mystery to her. Gam had told her all about it as soon as she could understand, and she knew now that she herself was what they called the "contingent beneficiary"; so this letter was her lawful right to read. She read it, swiftly. Its suave phrases stung so!

"In re monthly installment . . . enclosed check number . . . \$50.00 . . . This payment completes the ten years

(120 mos.) under mode of settlement . . . policy number . . . Jonathan Mayhew, 3rd . . . agreement dated April 14, 1918.

"Yours truly,
"P. W. Meek,
Manager of
Claim Dept."

Did his name have to be Meek? she thought savagely. She looked up from the letter; the big placid

room seemed closing in on her.

Gam had never told her the fifty dollars a month would last only ten years. She had innocently supposed it would go right on forever. Her schooling had been

taken care of by another policy, carefully stipulated in Dad's will, bless him! How he thought of everything.

This was the end. This was why Gam was tempted to sell—but why did she hesitate?

Proud as Lucifer? Gam said not.

Snatching a pencil off the secretary in the corner, Nancy flipped the letter over and scribbled on its cold white back: "Darling, I've taken the log-book. Want to read it. Back tonight. Don't worry. Yours very truly, Contingent Beneficiary." She ran downstairs with the book under her arm, left the letter on the newel post, caught up a sweater and went out by the cellar door.

The big arrogant house hung over the harbor, with only a narrow stretch of ancient turf, set out with fruit trees and ending in a sea-wall between. The cherries and apples floated in clouds of pinkish white; petals strewed the path and spun downward through the still sunlight. Nancy ran, hugging the book.

At the landing she stooped and pulled *Moby Dick*, her little cat-boat, toward her on its outhaul. She stowed the book in the cuddy, hoisted sail, coiled down her halyards, dropped in the center-board, loosed the mooring, and slid out closehauled on a mere breath of an easterly. She settled down in the tiny cockpit, the tiller over her shoulder, her

(Continued on page 40)

By MARIAN KING

How about a Game



SEVERAL years ago, I was given a present of a tennis racquet and three balls. I grasped the racquet awkwardly about the middle of the handle with one hand and held the balls even more awkwardly in the other and waited to be told what to do with them. Of course, I had seen people play tennis, and the motions they went through looked quite simple and natural to me. But it was one thing to watch and another thing to imitate, as I soon found out.

I was keen about my gift and anxious to get to a court to practice. The racquet—I didn't fully appreciate it then, but I do now—was an excellent one, and that is a great help to a beginner. I dropped the balls and swung it in my hand as I had seen older players do. I was surprised that my motion seemed rather uncertain, and that I couldn't control my direction very well. It all looked so easy. Well, perhaps it would be when I was on a court.

So the next morning I set off directly after breakfast, with Molly, the girl who lived next door. Molly had received her racquet three weeks before, and I was sure I would get a great many valuable hints from her. We played for half an hour, and got so hot and tired—mostly from chasing balls that went over the backstops—that I suggested we rest while she explained the scoring to me.

"Oh, I know that perfectly," said Molly. "I have a book home that tells all about the scoring. Love is nothing, then comes fifteen, then thirty, then forty, then game. If the score is tied at thirty or forty, they call it deuce because then it takes two consecutive points for either side to make game. A set is six games for one of the players. But the winner must always be two games ahead, so, if each player has five games, seven games make a set, not six. The other day I saw Tom and Jane go up to ten-nine. Neither of them could get two games in succession from the other. I had to leave before they'd finished."

"Jane's a good player. Some day I'm going to play as she does," I said. And with that resolve I walked out on the court again and missed some more of Molly's balls.

Every day we practiced on each other. I learned that I had to stand back and not close to the net in order to hit a ball that came over high—and most of Molly's balls were high—only less high than mine. That is a usual fault of beginners, but we didn't know it then. The truth was, that neither of us realized that we were too inexperienced to improve one another's game. We just played all over the court.

But one day, I found out some of the mistakes we had been making. I was practicing against the backstop when a man approached me and said, "Here, little girl, let me show you how to hold that racquet and hit the ball."

I handed the racquet to him without question. Perhaps if I had known he was Mr. Samuel Hardy, one of the greatest figures in the tennis world, I should have been more timid about it.

He explained that my first fault, like that of most beginners, was to hold the racquet with a shortened grip. The grip should be at the end of the handle, where the leather projects. He told me to hit the ball with an easy firmness, and not smash or kill it as most of us want to do at first. And it was he who gave me the maxim that holds true of all games played with a ball—billiards, golf, polo, croquet and even the increasingly popular ping-pong. "KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL," he said. And he said it in capitals, too, just as I have written it.

"Keep well-balanced in the center of the court near the base line," he continued, "in order to get into position to receive the ball in any sector and draw your racquet back."

"Why?" I asked.

"In order to follow through so that your shot may be direct and clean. And another thing—you must always extend your left foot forward when playing a forehand shot and your right foot forward when playing a back hand shot, so that your balance may be equally divided."

"Do I stand in the right place when I serve?" I asked, doubting that Molly and I had played tennis at all.

"When serving," answered Mr. Hardy, "stand a bit to the side of the court into which you are going to send the ball, or approximately at the center of the base line. From here you can place your service where you want to and you are in a position to meet your opponent's return. Keep the head of the racquet up, otherwise your shot will only be half played."

We played awhile in a rallying sort of fashion, just keeping the ball in play by knocking it back and forth to one another. Then I tried to serve and I soon found out that the instruction was true to form. I really could begin to place a ball.

We had been on the court for nearly thirty-five minutes when Mr. Hardy called out, "You've had enough for today. Let's go and watch the matches."

"I hope I'll play in a match some day," I said boldly.

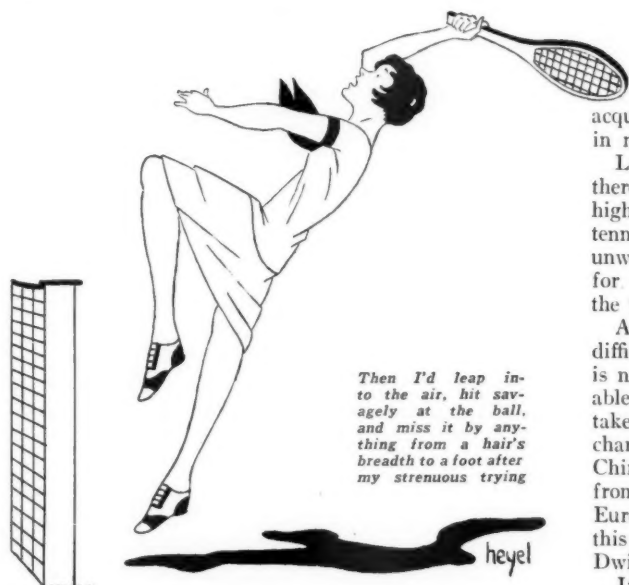
He laughed. "You may, but to become a good player, you must practice daily and keep at it. Don't go on the court from morning until night, but only for an hour or so, and keep at the forms until you have mastered them. Then you will find that the hour



What to do?

of Tennis?

Illustrations by Herbert Heyel



*Then I'd leap in-
to the air, hit sav-
agely at the ball,
and miss it by any-
thing from a hair's
breadth to a foot after
my strenuous trying*

of real practice and concentration will find you just as well exercised as the all day practice and you will get more out of it in the long run."

We found our way to the courts to watch some really excellent players and I soon found out that I had been doing the same thing as they, only on a smaller scale.

Mr. Hardy then turned to me and said, "Practice makes perfect, and the next time we meet I hope that you will be in real tennis form. Keep at it. Get a racquet and ball and play up against a backstop to practice your swing. The play will give you exercise as well as practice. But the competition of playing *with* someone is better for your game. If any good matches are being held within reaching distance, go and see them. Also, watch the experienced players. Time their strokes and see how they keep in the various positions to receive the ball that is in play."

So Molly and I played tennis with a new enthusiasm. She became very proud of her tennis form, especially when she sent over a high ball when I was close to the net. It wasn't like her old high ones, though. They were caused by lack of control, while the later ones were intentional "lobs." Then I'd leap into the air and hit savagely at the ball—to miss it by anything from a hair's breadth to a foot, after all my practicing.

I practiced for a whole summer before I entered a tournament but when I did, I discovered, much to my surprise, that I had the foundation of a real tennis game. I won my first round, and was defeated in the second. That winter, I practiced indoors and the next summer I played all I could. But I soon found out that there was not always a Mr. Hardy or a Mr. Tilden about to show me where my mistakes were. I took to watching the other fellow and found a great deal that could be done to improve my game. But I realized that the player I watched wasn't going to make my strokes for me, that I had to do that for myself. It is a mistake in tennis, as in all other things, slavishly to copy someone else. But you can learn from others, and that's what I tried to do. I especially watched backhand strokes and worked on my own, for a good backhand return may win many a game.

Mary K. Browne, a national figure in both tennis and golf, told me that it is the driving game that gets you

there, and it does. Drive as deep as you can, trying always to get the fullest possible length on your shots while allowing yourself a reasonable margin of safety inside the back line. After you have acquired control, both perpendicular and horizontal, keep in mind that you must place the ball.

Leaving for a moment the technical aspects, I think there is no other game in which sportsmanship is on a higher plane than in lawn tennis. Like every other game, tennis has its rules and regulations, but it also has an unwritten code of ethics and fair play that is responsible for its tremendous popularity and its prestige all over the world.

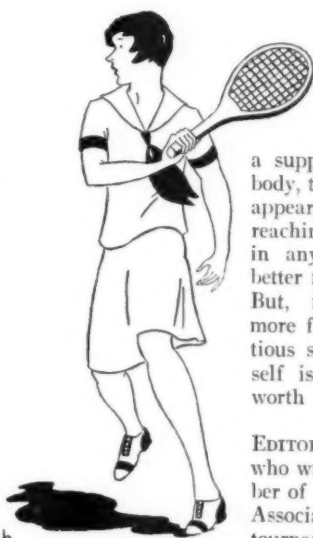
And tennis *is* played all over the world. It would be difficult to name a civilized country in which the sport is not in vogue as one of the healthiest and most enjoyable forms of recreation. No less than twenty-six nations take part in the Davis Cup matches, which decide the champion tennis country of the world. From far-off China, Japan, Australia and South Africa, as well as from the nations of North and South America and Europe, representatives are sent annually to play for this historic trophy, which, in 1900, was first offered by Dwight F. Davis, who later became Secretary of War.

If you are a beginner at tennis, it is a good thing to read a good book about it. Helen Wills has written of the game, and so has William Tilden, and there are many others. Practice all you can and don't be discouraged if you do not set the world afire at the outset. It takes a long time to get up the ladder, and some of us never get to the top. But if you give the best that is in you and lose, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have lost to a better player, and each defeat against a superior player will help you to improve more than will victory against an inferior player. Matched against a better player, you will be able to discover the weaknesses in your own game and you can work to eliminate them. I have been doing so for several years and, with a full consciousness of the deficiencies of my play, am practicing daily with the hope of overcoming them. And in the meantime I'm having great fun playing.

Besides the fun of playing tennis—and those of you who play, know that it *is* fun—there are other benefits that the game gives you.

Not the least of these is a suppleness and control of the body, that affects both health and appearance. The running and reaching for balls, that you do in any swift tennis game, are better for you than a daily dozen. But, if you acquire nothing more from tennis than its infectious sporting spirit, that in itself is enough to make it well worth while.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Marian King, who wrote this article, is a member of the National Lawn Tennis Association and a well-known tournament player. She is ranked as one of the best all-round girl athletes in America.



A practiced backhand stroke wins many a game



"I shall wear my school dress, but with the gray stockings instead of the brown," said Carmella. "It is more proper—in America"

Illustrations
by
Frederic
Dorr Steele

Carmella Commands

"MISS SARGLE, who is the brightest Italian girl around here, not over

fifteen?" Mrs. Barrington, the patron of Hope House Settlement asked. Miss Sargle naturally thought of Carmella Coletta, so a Girl Scout was dispatched to bring her over right away. Mrs. Barrington found her a capable and self-possessed young person who announced that she preferred to be called "Kate". Mrs. Barrington's purpose in summoning Carmella was to find out why her mother and the other Italian women of the neighborhood weren't coming to the sewing class, and her purpose was accomplished when Carmella told her straight from the shoulder what her mother and the other women really thought.

"You're high hat with them, that's why."

At that moment one of the little Colettas darted into the room to tell Carmella that Mrs. Coletta wanted her home to talk to a stranger who was asking questions in English. Carmella rushed out of the room, leaving Mrs. Barrington to think matters over from a new standpoint.

By WALTER S. BALL

The next day Carmella and her father started out on business.

Tommaso Coletta had land to sell to Americans and Carmella was to act as interpreter. "You tell me what they say; you tell them what I say; that is all," commanded Tommaso, as they walked out to meet the prospective buyers. But Carmella did not follow orders. She had overheard a conversation between the two men that made her realize the land was worth twice the four thousand dollars her father was asking. She also learned that the land was in a strategic position and that Mr. Barrington had to have it. For the first time in her life Carmella did not translate honestly. She succeeded in having the strangers offer more money, but no agreement was made, and they drove back to town, Carmella with a troubled conscience.

The following day, Carmella again was summoned by Mrs. Barrington to Hope House. "Carmella," Mrs. Barrington said, "you told me I'm high hat. Don't the mothers of this neighborhood want to be helped?"

Carmella jumped to her feet. "Help! What help? You try to teach my mother what she already knows. She could teach you. She don't know maybe American. But she knows to sew. She knows lace. She could teach you lace in return for you teach her American. But you think we know nothing. You only smile down."

For a moment Mrs. Barrington was stunned. Never had any human being had the courage to tell her what she really thought. This girl was defiant, yet she wished her own children could have such courage when they were in the right. Carmella, too, was thinking. Was not Mrs. Barrington the wife of the man who had to have her father's land?

Mrs. Barrington interrupted her racing thoughts. "Carmella," she said, "would your mother come if I asked her to teach me to make lace?"

"Maybe," answered Carmella, "if you really want to learn."

When Mrs. Barrington told her she really did and invited her over for luncheon the following Saturday, Carmella turned in amazement. Here was a new note in Mrs. Barrington's voice. Why, they could be friends!

CHAPTER III *A Luncheon Costume*

Among those of Cedar Street who had gazed and marvelled in the glories of Carmella's recent travels in big automobiles was Nicole Pieri, Carmella's radio friend, who lived in the six-family house across the street. He sauntered out as the Barrington car drove away. "Hello, kid!" he said. "Who's your high hat friend?"

"She ain't high hat," declared Carmella, with a vehemence that would have astonished Mrs. Barrington, after the interview of a few moments earlier.

"Well, she's got some high hat buggy, I'll say."

"Sure she has. She's rich. Her husband is Barrington, the real estate man."

Nicole whistled softly. "Sure, I know who he is," he admitted, and he watched Carmella with new respect as

she went into the house. "So it's high society for her!"

As casually as she could, Carmella announced to her mother that Mrs. Barrington was to send a machine for her on Saturday. Maria was excited. Much as she hated the head of the sewing class, she could not resist the thrilling sense of importance when her daughter was asked as a guest to the home of one so mighty.

The next morning Baby Enrico had a pain. Maria knew very well that it could not be a serious pain, or there would be less lung power. Nevertheless, it would be as well to call the district nurse on her morning rounds.

Miss Young, who brought healing and friendship to that section of Little Italy, usually passed the corner of Cedar Street about ten o'clock. Maria sent Carmella down to the corner to notify the gray-clad visitor that there was need of her in the Coletta household.

"Stay from school till you meet the nurse," said Maria, "and after you have sent her here, go to your teacher and tell her why you are late."

Miss Kelly was used to such excuses. At least a third of her pupils were oldest children, and therefore the interpreters for their families.

What puzzled Miss Kelly was how Carmella could be spared from the interview between her mother and the district nurse. "Does the nurse speak Italian?" she asked.

"Oh, no! A few words. But not to talk."

"And your mother doesn't speak English, you've told me."

"She understands some. But not to speak. Only with the nurse she say a little English. The nurse, she is the only one."

"If she can talk English with the nurse she can with others," said Miss Kelly, logically.

Carmella laughed. "She don't dare."

"And why not?"

"She's afraid of making mistakes. We laugh at her when she talks English so silly."

"Who laughs at her?"

"All us kids," said Carmella, chuckling.

Miss Kelly was properly stern in rebuking this habit. Carmella said, "Yes, Miss Kelly," at appropriate inter-



Carmella gazed at Mr. Barrington in sorry misery. Her lips quivered as she answered: "M-Mr. B-Barrington, I've got something to tell you. I-I—"

vals, and thought of other things—mostly real estate.

That evening she decided, on sudden impulse, to tell her father that Mrs. Barrington had asked her to luncheon. To her surprise, he made little comment. If her mother had said she could go, very well! Would she please start the victrola? Of the failure of his real estate negotiations he had not spoken since they had said good-bye to Mr. Barrington's agents.

It proved that nothing serious had been the matter with Baby Enrico. But the district nurse's visit gave Mrs. Coletta the chance she very much wanted to ask Miss Young, not as a nurse but as a friend, what a mother could do with a daughter who was steadily acquiring outside interests and who was inclined to talk back.

"Love her. Sympathize. Praise her for helping you with housework. Get her to tell you what she does, if you can without nagging. Don't nag. But oh, Mrs. Coletta, if only you would learn to talk English with her!"

This was the substance of Miss Young's advice. A part of it Maria understood, and shook her head, and sighed. So easy to say; so hard to do. Especially that "speak English" part of it. Carmella was a wonderful girl, but she was not sympathetic like Miss Young.

Maria thought back to far-away days in a far-away land. She had not grown away from her own mother like this. Of course, she had an occasional escapade. Like all young folk. And had been punished for it. It was but natural. But! never had there been this horrible curtain of strange speech between them. Like a black barrier. A heavy fog.

Through the week Maria sighed and thought of those Italian days, and wished Enrico would be sick again—not too sick—so that she could once more talk with Miss Young. On Saturday morning she woke Carmella half an hour early.

"We have much to do," she said.

"Why?" asked Carmella sleepily.

"Because this day is the day you go to lunch with Mrs. Barrington, and you must be dressed for it."

"Dressed how?" demanded Carmella, waking suddenly and sitting up.

"In your best, of course. In your white dress, made over from your confirmation dress. Of course!"

"But no, Mother! That would not do. My school dress I shall wear. It is new and it is clean. It is what I met Mrs. Barrington in. It is what I shall wear."

"Carmella!" said her mother, horrified. "It is not proper. For going to lunch with Mrs. Barrington—I

like her not, but she is a great lady—you shall wear your best. You cannot go there not looking your very best."

"I shall wear my school dress, but with the gray stockings instead of the brown, and with my Sunday shoes," said Carmella. "It is more proper—in America," she added.

Maria recoiled, physically staggering. Here, at last, was the retort she had unconsciously been dreading all these last few years. "In America." Her child, born near the dear, beautiful Naples, was reminding her mother of different ways and manners, because this was America—the America of the young. Maria knew it as a crisis, clean and clear, like a vision.

"I shall wear the school dress or I shall not go," Carmella said, calmly. "I shall not be made silly. It is proper in America." "Very well!" said Maria resignedly. "Va bene! You shall wear what you choose. *Qualche giorno* you shall know that your mother was right." As in a daze she helped Carmella dress in her school frock, with her Sunday shoes and stockings.

Promptly at twelve-thirty the Barrington sedan, with Dixon at the wheel, drove up to the yellow gateway. Carmella rushed for the door, but turned as Maria came after her, calling an awed "Goodbye!"

She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said in Neapolitan: "Goodbye, Mother of mine! You are good. You are kind. Thank you for letting me wear this dress.

You are oh, so good!"

Maria wiped her eyes and went back to her kitchen, praising God for such a daughter as Carmella who, although American, was so kind to her old Italian mother. Maria was thirty-four years of age.

Carmella ran down the short path, and Dixon opened the rear door of the sedan. But Carmella ignored the open door, ran around to the other side of the machine and jumped in to the front seat beside the chauffeur.

"You wish to ride in the front?" asked the latter.

"You bet I do," said the girl happily. "I'm not your boss, you know. I want to talk when I ride. Don't you, Dixon?"

Dixon chuckled at the informal camaraderie coupled with the formality of his last name. "All right, kid," he said. "Whatever suits you suits me. You're Mrs. Barrington's guest in this car, you know."

(Continued on page 43)



He handed Carmella a ten-dollar bill without saying why



Illustration by
Helen E.
Hokinson

Caroline changed the scale she was playing from major to minor, to suit her melancholy mood

"That Terrible Practicing!"

CAROLINE was feeling very sorry for herself because Amy Benson had just come in to

By EDWINE BEHRE

suggest a game of tennis and she had had to say, much to her regret, "No, I haven't finished practicing."

"That terrible practicing!" Amy stalked out of the room, her tennis racquet under her arm. "I'm glad I don't take music lessons!" she said.

Caroline sighed and changed the scale she was playing from major to minor to suit her melancholy mood. It was hard to sit indoors at the piano and to know that outside the warm spring wind was blowing and the tennis courts were alive with gay girls and boys and that she was missing it all.

And yet, would she really want to stop her music? Of course, her mother was keen for her to play, but she was a reasonable person and Caroline thought it wouldn't be hard to convince her that the lessons were too much of a burden, what with school work and athletics and parties. But somehow, without quite knowing why, Caroline kept on getting a thrill out of a new piece and feeling very proud of herself when she brought home some popular music and played it most perfectly at the second reading.

She was the sort of girl who liked doing things herself. That was why she played basketball instead of simply cheering on the side lines—although basketball practice took up a great deal of her time during the season. That was why she played tennis and did it well. And that, she concluded, was why she kept on with "that terrible practicing," and got such satisfaction from her ability to play for dancing in the school gymnasium or to accompany the crowd at a party when everyone felt like singing.

There are many people like Caroline—in fact, nearly all of us have in us the desire to be able to do things ourselves. I once had a pupil much older than myself—a middle-aged business man, who studied for pleasure and who spent most of his spare time at the piano. He once said to me: "I know you'll think it funny, but I'd rather hear myself play than Paderewski." No indeed, I didn't think it funny. I thought it fine. After all, isn't it a

natural thing for one to prefer *doing* to looking on, to take active interest?

This man was broad in his musical

taste. He played everything, from the most severely classical music to modern jazz. Bach was his favorite composer for playing, but how he enjoyed bringing "Old Man River" from *Show Boat*, or the latest blues!

Another man I know has one of those genial keyboard talents. He has only to hear a tune in order to play it by ear, and he can sit for hours at a piano making up harmonies for his own pleasure and the pleasure of others. He has never had a lesson, never learned to read a note—and now he is too old to learn. For him, too, music is a vital part of his life, but he often laments the fact that he cannot read the music of the great composers from the page. He can listen, he can make his own music, but he cannot reproduce and interpret the great music of others.

Yes, it's fun to be able to play, just as it is fun to be able to dance. Those dull times of learning to read notes, playing scales and finger exercises, won't last long. You scarcely remember learning to read letters, do you? And now you can hardly live without books. As soon as you have had a few weeks of lessons, you can begin playing delightful little duets with your teacher or a friend, or folk-songs that can be sung as well. Or you can play the tune of a popular song with one hand, while your friend picks out the bass.

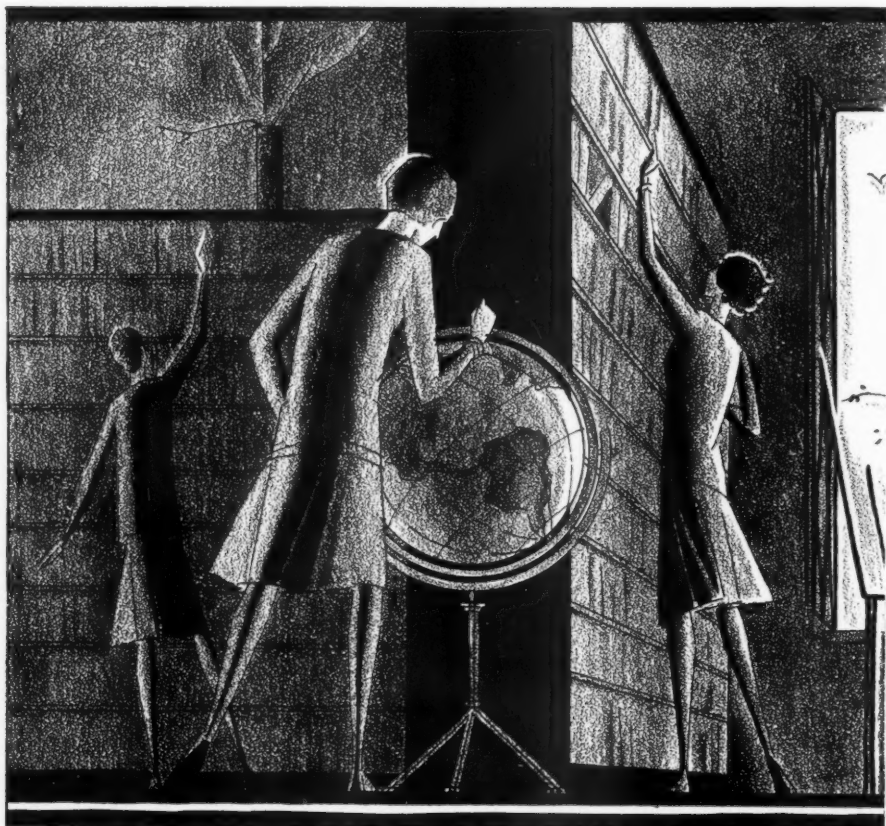
Perhaps you've been told, "The only real music is classical music"—the solemn and—to you—tuneless confusion of sound that you hear when your friends tune in on the symphony concert or put a sonata record on the victrola. But all sounds arranged in patterns and sung or played by an instrument are real music, just as all growing green things are real plants. It is only a question of personal taste whether you prefer the roses, the daisies of the field, the glowing buttercups, or the big oak tree—or, perhaps, the brilliant morning-glories that last only an hour. You have as much right to your taste as your teacher or your friend or anyone else has to hers.

(Continued on page 59)

By
HENRIETTA
L. OWENS

Illustration by
Clotilde Embree

*A small college is cozy
and friendly, with fa-
miliar faces all about*



“So You’re Going

WHERE shall I go to college? Which shall it be?” This is a question over which every sub-freshman should be resigned to grow at least one premature gray hair. At the time it seems to her fully as important a problem as any she is likely to meet in her life, and perhaps it will be so until time for her to choose a career.

Five short winters ago I belonged to the 1924 vintage of bewildered, college-bound girls confronted with this question, and the unpleasant necessity of College Board examinations.

Entered at Smith and Wellesley, I knew that my final choice, as well as my actual admission, depended upon the outcome of these academic bugaboos looming on the June horizon. As early as February of that year I commenced half-hearted preparation for the exams.

Then one day a chance acquaintance, a recent graduate of a small New England college for women, suggested that I make inquiry about Connecticut College, in New London. Somewhat indifferently, I sent for a catalog of the college. College Board examinations, I discovered, were not required for entrance, provided the applicant’s secondary school record was good. Fortunately, mine was. The news seemed too good to be true. College without entrance examinations was possible, after all! The result of that discovery is that now I am officially referred to as an “A. B., Connecticut College, 1928.”

“Shall I go to a small college?”

It was not easy for me to give up the idea of Wellesley or Smith. The new small college, which had graduated its

first class only five years before, seemed culturally and academically less creditable to me than the famous half-century-old institutions. Perhaps I had looked forward with unconscious pride to the day when I should be able to say, “Yes, I am a Wellesley girl.” Calling myself a “Connecticut girl” seemed rather unimportant.

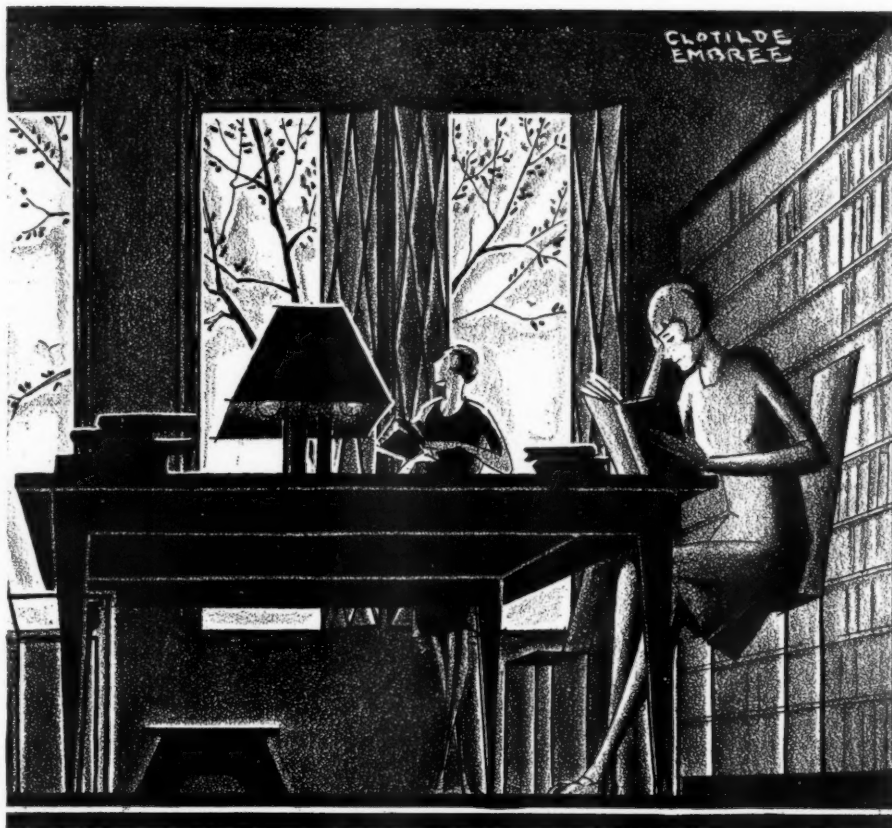
The thought of transferring to a larger college after a year or two crossed my mind, but until I actually went to college I did not realize how greatly mistaken is the undergraduate leopard who attempts to change her academic spots for such small cause as mine. After I was admitted to Connecticut, I gave the idea no further serious thought.

But I am ahead of my story. I mustn’t go so fast.

I List the “Cons”

Members of my family were at first dubious about my new idea. What? A small college? Who ever heard of Connecticut College? Why should anyone wish to enter there? We began to consider the advantages and disadvantages of the small over the large college and even made a list of “points-about-the-small-college,” “pros” on one side, and “cons” on the other.

We began with the disadvantages: First, since the average small college has much smaller endowment than a larger college, it may be unable to afford large salaries for its faculty members. As a result its faculty is likely to be limited in size and reputation. Well known educators are not usually found in a small college for, if they do achieve fame there, they are soon called to the larger institutions.



"Small colleges are best" says the writer of this second article in our college series

With windows open to the spring sunshine, the library is a pleasant place

to be a Freshman!"

A second point we considered was that the equipment and facilities of the small college are also limited by its small endowment. Small colleges do not have the splendid buildings and libraries found at the larger colleges, and even the laboratory apparatus is less elaborate and complete than that in a large institution.

Third, the growth and development of the small college is not usually so rapid or noticeable as that of the large one. The alumna returning ten years later does not have to gasp over new buildings and great changes in the campus landscape. But we had to admit that the small college does not want to grow large, so that its slower development is not wholly due to its limited funds.

Last, we noted that the small college is seldom able to afford its students the metropolitan advantages of the large college. Kreislers, Meiklejohns, Rachmaninoffs, Dwight Morrows are not as easily drawn to the small campus as to the large one. Famous men do not come here.

And also the "Pros"

But with these obvious disadvantages, the small college offers many advantages:

First, it can aim for quality rather than quantity in education. No attempt is made to educate everyone, but to educate *well* the relatively small number of students. The small college remains small by choice. At my own college, two years ago, only one hundred and sixty students were chosen from more than a thousand applicants.

Personal contact with professors and college officers is

another advantage of a small college. At Connecticut, Bryn Mawr and some other small colleges every freshman has a personal conference with the president within a few days after arrival. Professors, too, have an opportunity to be interested in individual students, to know them outside of the classroom, at joint student-faculty social gatherings as well as through conferences over scholastic work.

Last of all, at the small college it is possible for a student to know intimately members of her own class. Both through work and social activities she has closer contacts with her fellows than she would have at a larger place. At Connecticut, and doubtless at all colleges of its size, every freshman is said to know the name of everyone in her class before her first Christmas vacation. But I have known Vassar girls who, even by their senior year, have not so much as known casually all the members of their own class. Even the proverbial "wallflowers"—and they occur at every college—do not remain outsiders at the small college. They have the opportunity to gain self-confidence and assurance that may be counted as one of the greatest benefits of their college experience.

I Make my Decision

Such, in brief, were the pros and cons of our "points-for-the-small-college" list. But the deciding factor turned out to be a friend of my mother's who knew and admired Connecticut's able president, Benjamin T. Marshall. She was acquainted with the rapid growth of the college and its

(Continued on page 63)

By HELEN KATHERINE BROUGHALL

The Light

"AND I'VE actually seen that light, myself," Jane Andrews impressively told her friend, Susan Carthwright.

"Well, I don't believe it," Sue said flatly. "There are no such things as ghosts and you can't tell me there's any sort of uncanny light hanging over your father's mine." Sue was an unimaginative girl. "You've come to believe in all sorts of silly native spooks, Jane. That's what comes of having a native nurse for children," she added.

"You needn't be so—so—opinionated, Sue Carthwright, just because you're a year older than I am," Jane protested crossly. "You know I haven't had a nurse for four whole years, not since I was eleven years old. Anyway, I didn't say that I believed in their crazy old ghosts. I said I'd seen the light over Daddy's mine and all the Indians are talking about it, and are afraid of it. I don't know how it came there, but honest to goodness, Sue—'Cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die; make-my-bed-and-let-it-lie'—I saw it. You simply *must* believe what I say!"

The solemnity of this impressed even skeptical Sue. "But, Jane, it's silly to believe that a light can just appear over a mine at night and cause trouble. It's not possible nor sensible," she protested with less conviction than before.

Jane smiled to herself as she saw she was gaining Sue to belief. "I'll tell you exactly all about it," she said, moving closer to Sue's side in the hammock, and lowering her voice with a proper air of mystery.

Framed by the open door of the patio of the house in Guanajuato which Mr. Andrews had taken for the fall months, one could see crooked streets, so steep at times that stone steps had been cut to make the ascent more easy, and so narrow that there was scarcely elbow room for the throng of pedestrians. In a constantly shifting picture, passed natives and their carts. The men wore wide sombreros and bright *serapes* thrown folded over one shoulder. By contrast, the women's dress was drab. Their only color was the red cotton cloth pleated into the two long

black braids which hung down their backs, and the inviolable blue *reboso*, used as a sling for carrying the baby.

But Jane's mind was far away from the picturesque scene before her. She had lived in Mexico so long now—ever since her second birthday—that the brilliancy of the daily scenes had lost its fascination. Jane was the young daughter of Redding Andrews, an American and one of the most successful of Mexico's mine owners. His home was in Mexico City.

For some time Jane had been most miserable and felt that life was unjust. Her older sister, Natalie, who was only seventeen, had been in boarding school in Washington for four years. And Jane, at fifteen, had never been permitted to accompany her. Natalie went to dances and operas and theaters and talked provokingly of suitors while Jane stayed home with a "poky old governess." Next year, if Natalie didn't go to college, she was to make her debut. And Jane said it was cruel, unspeakable, unjust, and *ad infinitum*, until she quite ran short of words, and dissolved into tears of anger.

All—every bit of it—because she had had influenza when she was twelve years old. The physician had told her family that the illness had left her heart weak, and since then Mrs. Andrews had been afraid to let Jane go far away from home.

The day on which Mrs. Andrews went to Washington was always a sorrowful one for Jane. She disliked being left behind. This year, however, diversion was offered her. Mr. Andrews had just opened anew an old Spanish working in the state of Guanajuato, and knowing how much of the time he would be needed there, and since Mrs. Andrews refused to leave Jane with only the servants in the Mexico City home, he had taken a *casa* in the little city of Guanajuato, comparatively near the mine. Jane had not



Suddenly Jane stiffened. Voices! She peered ahead and, in an arc of light shed by a lantern were four Mexicans. "Robbers!" hissed Luis angrily

over El Gigante

Illustrations by George Avison

objected. In the first place she adored her father and loved to be alone with him. And in the second place, her mother had invited Sue Carthwright to come and stay with her.

According to Jane, things had started happening almost at once, and she had hardly been able to control her impatience until Sue had been told the story.

"I told you," Jane had begun in explanation, "that we'd been here only a few days when the men all went on strike and Daddy was held up altogether at the mine. He couldn't get a native anywhere to work. You know how they get—they won't talk—you can't get them to say a word. They just wouldn't go near the mine, and they were so very mysterious about it that Daddy decided it was some sort of secret labor agitation—there are all kinds of agents in Mexico now."

Sue nodded her head and Jane went on breathlessly. "It was awfully mysterious and it was impossible to find out what it was all about. But just yesterday Nina and I were walking home from marketing, when I overheard two peons talking. I heard only the words 'El Gigante'—that's Daddy's mine—and '*relación*,' but it caused me to think. Nina looked terrified, crossed herself and wanted to go to church and burn a candle to her pet saint. I stepped up to the men and demanded an explanation. Both of them seemed terrified—one of them slipped away and the other closed up like a clam. I saw I couldn't get anything from him just

then, so I offered him five *pesos* if he'd come and tell me later, and then I walked on and left him to think it over."

"And then?" Sue prompted.

"He came back that afternoon and with fear and trembling, and his eyes on the *pesos*, he told me that a *relación* hung over *El Gigante*, and that, therefore, no sane Mexican would go near the mine for love or money."

Sue shook her head wonderingly. "And they really believe that the light—"

"*Relación*," Jane went on imperturbably, "hangs over the mine and brings bad luck. They think a *relación* brings death. Juan told me that it is the sign of an evil spirit, and that it sometimes hangs over a morass in which people sink from sight. Oh! and all sorts of tales."

"But that's stupid," Sue protested. "That's just superstition!"

"Now, I'm not through yet," interposed Jane. "He said it would also bring death to the owner of the mine and begged me to get my Daddy to leave it alone. I had Daddy take me out to *El Gigante* last night. There's a house of a sort with a few bedrooms where the superintendent and chief engineer live. I sat up and looked for the *relación*—and I saw it. I thought I must be seeing things," she said, forestalling Sue's exclamation, "so I got up and looked from all angles, and I saw it three times, from the back and the side of the house. It flickered—sometimes a brighter light than at others, but I saw it as long as I looked that way."

"What did you do?" Sue asked, in her calm, cool way.

"I told Daddy about it, at breakfast—he was talking last evening with Jim Hunter, his superintendent, and some other men, and so I



The men were laying down heavy rawhide sacks, filled with ore and, piled high around them in the shadows, were fully a hundred more similar sacks

couldn't tell him until this morning. He thought it was a huge joke and told me not to have such a vivid imagination. Just then, Jim Hunter came in. Daddy told him and they both teased me." Jane was quite vicious at the thought. Jim Hunter never teased Natalie. "But I know I saw it."

"Well, I don't know, Jane," Sue finally said, after weighing the matter judicially. "It sounds most mysteriously peculiar to me. I'd like to see it with my own eyes."

Jane hugged her friend. "There! I knew you'd see it my way eventually. I'll get Daddy to take us out right away. He's so worried about this strike that he'll do 'most anything to keep me from bothering him."

Sue was attempting to reason out the situation. "Now, there aren't any *relaciones* or any ghosts," she said, thoughtfully, "and, yet, you insist you've seen a flickering light over the mine—the same light which Indians have seen. Therefore, there must be a light, and if there is a light—it's been put there for some special purpose. Now how and why?"

"It looks pretty obvious to me," Jane suggested, "that some one is very anxious to keep Daddy from working *El Gigante*." Her voice choked a little. "Sue! There was a Mexican crook, Juarez, who also wanted to buy the mine, but Daddy had the first option on it. Do you suppose he's trying to get even with Daddy and wants to kill him in some mysterious way so he can never be accused of the crime?"

She leaned forward earnestly. "Sue, would you be willing to try and help me find out what it's all about? We'd have to do it secretly because Daddy would never in the world let us out if he knew. He and Jim Hunter would laugh at us. But there must be some reason. Perhaps Juarez has fixed that *relación* some way, electrically and is planning to blow up the mine and Daddy with it."

Sue hesitated. She was naturally deliberate, and her additional year of age made her conscientious in curbing Jane's impetuous inclinations.

"Let's wait until we get out to the mine," she said at last, "and let me see that *relación*, and then, if I'm convinced, we'll do something about it."

With that Jane was forced to be satisfied. However, she let no grass grow under her feet in her plans for getting to *El Gigante* as soon as possible. That night at dinner, she persuaded her father to take them to the mine the next morning, pleading as an excuse that they wanted to explore the cave with the cork-screw-like opening in the limestone hog-back, some little distance from the workings. And to Jane's hidden fury, he again teased her about the light she had seen and asked her if she had heard any more important clues during her marketing expeditions.

But last of all he told them something which thoroughly frightened both girls—he was having men sent to him from some of

the nearby states, Zacatecas and San Luis Potosi, and expected to commence work again in about two days.

Suppose Jane's theory was correct, that some unknown enemy was planning to blow up the mine and Mr. Andrews with it? They would have to work quickly, if they were to discover the plot. As long as *El Gigante* had been closed, Jane had not feared for her father's life—but now that the mine was to be reopened, this horrible thing might come true. Mr. Andrews would never pay the slightest heed to Jane's suggestions or warning, and worse, still, he would forbid them, Jane knew, if he were to have an inkling of their plans.

Morning came at last, and Mr. Andrews drove them out to *El Gigante* in his car. Scarcely able to conceal their impatience to be gone, and with the promise to be back by tea time, they set off ostensibly to explore the cave, with the twisted opening, carrying the cold luncheon Nina had put up for them before they left Guanajuato.

"I couldn't see the *relación* till I got this far away from the house," Jane had explained, when they had walked perhaps two minutes. "From the gallery, I saw only a faint glimmer, and you can't see it at all from the windows."

"Hu-um—" Sue inspected the spot well.

Ahead of them stood two old trees at the foot of the hill from which opened the workings. An hour's walk to the left was a stretch, unbroken but for hills of varying heights, and low bushes. The two trees standing close together were the only ones deserving the name as far as the eye could see.

"Hu-um!" Sue said again, just as Jane spied something which attracted her attention. It was a grayish white lump which was hung between two branches, high at the tops of the trees.

"Looks like a wasp's nest," Sue suggested.

"Well, I never saw a wasp's nest hung between two trees," Jane observed pointedly. "I'm going to find out about that."

A minute or two of scrambling and she was on the top limb, leaning out to poke at the mysterious object with a stick. "Poke gently," Sue warned, "or you'll have the whole swarm after us."

"It's hard, Sue, hard as a rock. It's not a wasp's nest at all—and it's hung here with two stout cords. Here are the knots under these leaves."

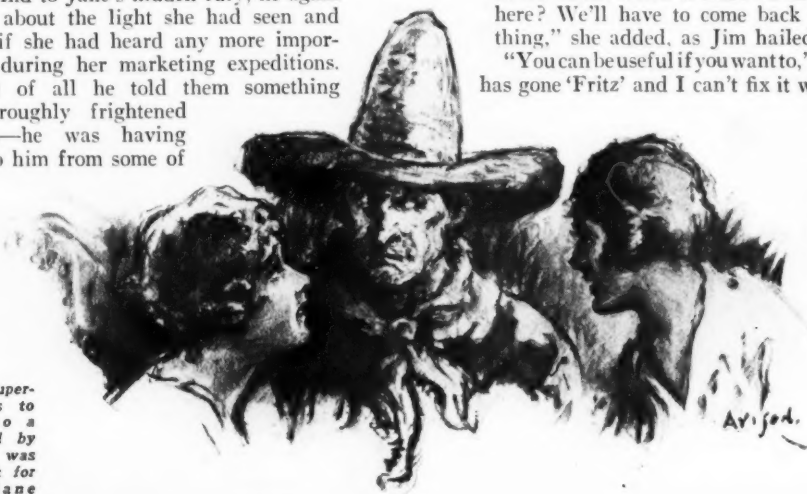
Jane clambered to the ground to think it over, and just in time, for a man appeared from the opening of the shaft, just a short distance away.

"That's Jim Hunter," Jane gasped, "and he's been in the mine. Then it must be safe! But what's he doing here? We'll have to come back later to investigate this thing," she added, as Jim hailed the girls.

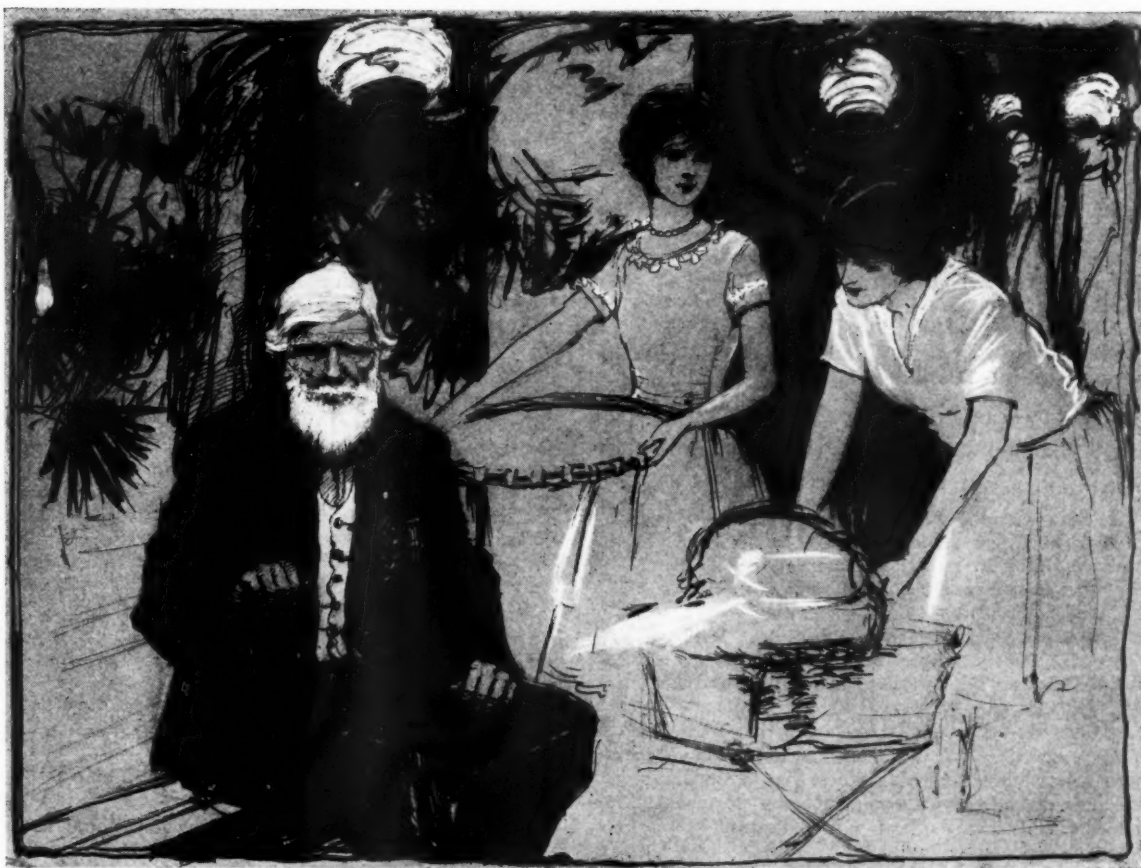
"You can be useful if you want to," he called. "The *malacate* has gone 'Fritz' and I can't fix it without help. And there's not a man around."

"Silence!" Jane warned Sue, and then aloud, "We were going to explore the caves in the hog's-back, but we'll make a bargain with you. If we help you with the *malacate*, will you take us through the mine? That will make up for some of the caves we'll miss visiting."

(Continued on page 53)



Persuading superstitious Luis to venture into a land guarded by evil spirits was no easy task for Sue and Jane



Long tables had been spread on the smooth lawns and gay Japanese lanterns were beginning to twinkle. Ruth helped to unpack the basket

A New Day for Ruth

By MARY WOLFE THOMPSON

Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli

CLANK, clank, clank. What was that queer yet familiar noise, coming through the words of her composition?

Ruth looked up. Of course. Stooped on the settle by the kitchen stove, Grandpa was busy polishing his sword.

Ruth knew what that meant. Memorial Day was coming. Once a year Grandpa got out his sword, his blue soldier coat, his soldier cap with the funny flat spot on top. Once a year he asked for a piece of chamois and polished the sword and rubbed the buttons on his uniform. On Memorial Day, he put the things on, the coat that sagged on his shoulders now, the cap, the sword; and his back straightened, his eyes shone, and, somehow, he looked younger. Then he and the other boys, as he called them, led the procession, for Grandpa was a veteran of the Civil War, and a member of the G. A. R.

Little Margie had dropped her doll and was all aflutter. She wanted to try on the cap. She wanted to run her finger along the edge of the sword. She wanted to know if it had killed anybody. She wanted to know if she could march.

If she could march! Ruth smiled with the superior knowledge of her sixteen years. Margie would have to march. They would both have to march. No chance of

getting out of that. "No sir!" she said aloud.

"What is it, Ruth?"

Mrs. Berringer looked up from the bread pan that

had an old shawl tucked over it to keep it warm, as if it were a baby wrapped warmly after a bath.

"Oh!" Ruth's disgust made the word say volumes, and her mother shook her head warningly.

Clank, clank, clank, went the sword.

"Well," Ruth thought, "it's got to be gone through with, I suppose. And maybe I can have something pretty to wear." That was a thought!

"May I have a new dress, Mother?" she said aloud.

"Me, too!" squealed Margie.

Mrs. Berringer hesitated. "Well—"

"'Course our girls'll have new dresses for Memorial Day!" Grandpa put in proudly. "Granddaughters of veterans, I want 'em to look nice. Mebbe this is my last year. Mebbe I'll be gone next year. I'm old."

Goodness! Why did Grandpa keep saying that—"I'm old?" It made Ruth feel queer, especially because Grandpa was such a good sport. He never nagged or said he didn't know what young folks were coming to. And sometimes he gave her one of the dollars from his pension which was the only income he had. Yet when he got to talking

about how old he was, and how he might not be here next year, it gave Ruth a queer feeling of anger somehow.

Memorial Day was the worst. He puttered over his sword and things, and told his old stories over and over.

"Charge!" yells the captain, and I thinks, 'Well, here goes! Katy Ann'—Katy Ann was Grandpa, dead now—"Katy Ann'll never see me again!" and I gave my horse the spurs!"

Ruth tossed her head, and Mrs. Berringer motioned again to be careful. "See here, Ruth," she said, when Grandpa had gone outside, "why is it you don't like Memorial Day? The last two years I've noticed you've been so impatient and so indifferent."

"Well," Ruth folded a bit of paper into pleats and looked at it, avoiding her mother's eye, "I used to like to march when I was Margie's size, but now I hate it. I feel all hands and feet, and everybody stares as if I were a stuffed toad. And right up the middle of the road in all the dirt. And then those exercises. Grandpa and those old men—"

"Veterans, dear."

"Veterans, then—they never know when to stop talking."

Mrs. Berringer sighed, "Well, I don't know. I wish you felt different. I think it's a lovely day, remembering the dead, and honoring our old soldiers."

"Well, I wish they'd do it some other way!"

"No," Mrs. Berringer shook her head. "If it was some other way you wouldn't like it any better. It's how you feel that counts. But you must be nice to Grandpa anyhow. He's getting old, you know."

"Now, Mother, if you start saying that I'll burst."

"No, I won't start," her mother laughed, "but I want to warn you while Grandpa's not here that he's going to want to go to the village with you tomorrow, to make his arrangements as he calls them, and you mustn't let him know how you feel. Do try and please him, Ruth dear."

Oh, dear. That was just too much! Every year Grandpa had to be taken to the village before Memorial Day, to talk to all his old cronies about their plans. They always did the same thing. They talked and they talked and they talked. Why talk? They always did the same thing. And whoever took Grandpa had to wait for him in front of the tavern, as he insisted on calling the hotel. Ruth couldn't bear to think of it. That row of idlers on tipped-back chairs along the porch, and Grandpa always inside, so that you had to call, "Is Mr. Berringer there, please?" Then Grandpa, excited at being in the village, would come out roaring, "G'bye, Sam! G'bye Jim! See you Decoration Day!" and flap his old hat. Grandpa often forgot that the day was called Memorial Day now.

"I think it's just too mean!" she began, when the doorknob rattled.

Grandpa was back, and Mother began to talk very loud. "And they're going to have a big picnic supper on the church lawn afterwards. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes," Ruth had to admit that it would. Her Mother's picnic suppers would melt in your mouth. Everybody passed things around, and the boys were there, too. You talked and sang and danced, and promenaded up and down the street in twos and threes, and fives and sixes. Yes, it would be nice, but you had to go through an awful lot to get to it.

"I'm going to fry chicken," Mother said.

Next morning Ruth went to the barn for old Dolly. Sure enough, Grandpa already was there, dressed in his Sunday clothes, his squeaky shoes polished like stove lids, his hair wet and slick. "I'm going to town with you, Ruthie."

And Ruth made herself smile, "All right."

He climbed in and lifted Margie on his knee, his white beard tangling with her pigtailed. They trundled down the long hill and down the main road to town. "Hi!" Grandpa called to this one and that one, and the school children on the sidewalks turned their heads. "Hi!" he called to Officer Reilly, and Officer Reilly roared, "Howdy, Mister Berringer!" in a voice you could hear a block away. Ruth was glad when they got by.

As they passed the two white churches standing in the spreading green of the churchyards, Grandpa yelled, "Whoa!" and Dolly came to a willing stop. Grandpa climbed briskly down. "I'm going in here and see if the yard's in good order." At the gate he turned. "Meet me at the tavern after school, Ruthie!" he yelled, much to the amusement of a shoal of small boys.

Of course. Just as she had thought! Ruth slapped the reins angrily and drove off at a fast pace.

Even at school, she couldn't escape it. They were ready

to file out after the morning exercises when Miss Stevens rapped for attention. "Young people!" Miss Stevens thought they liked to be called young people. "Young people! You know next Monday is Memorial Day. I have here a notice from the G. A. R. The usual procession and decoration of graves, followed by exercises in the church, will be held in the afternoon. The procession will form at Young's Hall at two o'clock. They are asking for volunteers to bring flowers, enough so that every soldier's grave shall have a bouquet as well as a flag. Now, who will volunteer?"

Ruth had half lifted her hand, because she knew she must, when Tony leaped to his feet, and stood leaning forward, his hand outstretched, his face shining. Tony was the only foreigner in the school, with his strange brown skin, his white teeth, his
(Continued on page 60)



Ruth dropped down among the flowers for a minute—it was cooler here

How to be Charming

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustration by Katharine Shane

NOW I'VE come to the hardest part of my task. I've said to you that charm often depends on poise and posture. That good grooming counts for a lot. And that the knack of dressing well is a valuable asset. But I've still got to account to you for the fact that some girls have all of these qualities and miss being charming. And it's rather difficult to do.

It's harder to describe spiritual qualities than it is to tell you how to manicure your finger nails. The list of do's and don'ts for good grooming may seem formidable, but it's short compared to the number of things that can be said about dispositions, manners and social usages. It's sometimes easier, really, to make people like to look at you than to make them like you.

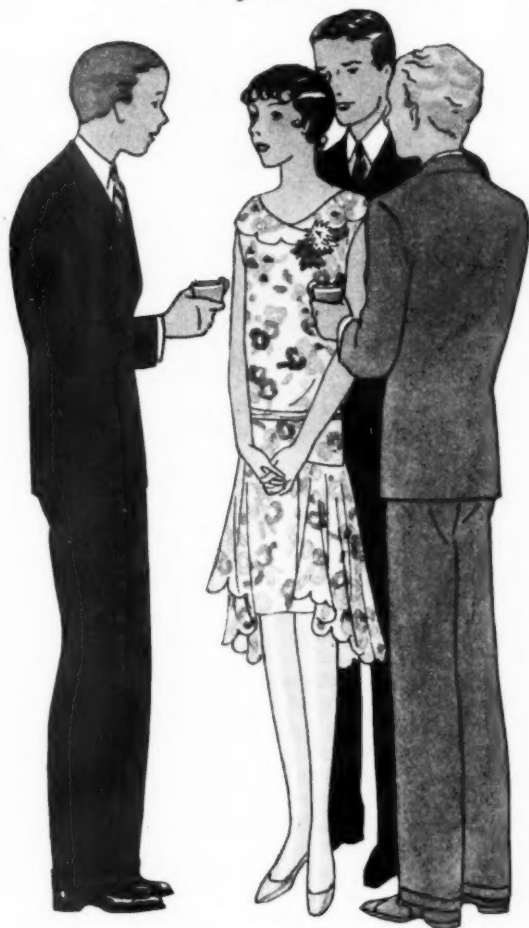
It's very natural to want to be considered charming, to want to be popular, to want to be really liked. It's a mistake, however, to be too grasping about it. Never try to wish people into liking you. Never seem too eager. Never try to force intimacies. If you are content to let a friendship develop naturally it will be a healthier growth.

Above all, don't try to be liked by everybody. There is no greater mistake than this. There are people who will never like you because your natures are totally unsympathetic and there are people whom it would be no compliment to have admire you. Young people often lack discrimination about this sort of thing. But it's really one of the charming assets.

A fundamental basis for being liked is the ability to like people. I do not mean by this, the ability to be intensely fond of everybody. That's impossible. I mean rather a sympathy and tolerance for everybody combined with discrimination in choosing friends, and loyalty and an unselfish interest in their affairs and devotion to their interests once you have chosen them.

Good nature is sometimes abused, but lack of it is a decided ban to being genuinely popular. The girl with the sharp tongue may be funny but she is liked with reservations.

Extreme sensitiveness or a feeling of inferiority is a great handicap. Girls who are always fancying they are being slighted, that people don't like them or that there is something fundamentally wrong with their chances for popularity, are nearly always unhappy and ill-at-ease.



There is a special charm in knowing how to listen well

Usually there is no basis for this feeling and if you are one of those who have it you should take a stern hand to yourself.

Cultivating a positive social asset is a help to a girl who is not sure of herself. Girls who are good at sports or games, for example, have something to offer to the group or community which is usually in demand. Girls who can entertain a crowd with teacup readings or all the latest dance tunes, girls who have a flair for hospitality and can get up jolly picnics and suppers, girls who can think up and organize amusing stunts and parties—all these are generally popular.

Usually the talent which fits into or organizes the group is better liked than that of the solo performer. No matter how good the latter is, people resent the one among them who always takes the center of the stage—and rightly. So don't feel badly if you're not much in the limelight. Your chances of being liked are better elsewhere.

One really valuable social asset which it is possible for any girl to acquire is good manners. We have come a long way from the old days when there was a rigid formula for almost every situation. Our ways are simpler, but they need not be uncivilized. Social engagements entered into should be faithfully kept. It's most discourteous to break engagements without real cause or to be unpunctual in keeping them.

There are politenesses to older people, to servants and to strangers which distinguish the gracious person from the boor. It's still not too old-fashioned to rise when older people rise or enter the room, to wait for them to pass out of the door first and to defer to their wishes and listen to their words. No really nice person ever takes advantage of fancied superiority, to be other than courteous to a servant, a sales person, or any public official.

A charming well-modulated voice is, to my mind, one of the pleasantest social assets. It's important to know how to place the tone. It's also important to pronounce correctly, to speak carefully, but without affectation, and to avoid annoying mannerisms, monotony or emphasis.

Having perfected your method, the next thing, of course, is to provide yourself with interesting things to say. Study your listeners' tastes, and *don't say too much*. You'll be surprised how it contributes to your popularity.



"What! Biscuits! Where in this town did you buy such beauties?" Then is the time for you to announce in an off-hand way, "Why, I didn't buy them, I made them myself!"

IN CULINARY circles, May means just one thing—the dawning of the shortcake season. And shortcake always begins with the adventurous baking powder biscuit that, once mastered, can be used to amazing ends by any resourceful cook. Strawberry shortcake leads the procession, but peach shortcake follows closely, prune shortcake is delicious and, in some parts of this country, apricot shortcake is a favorite.

And even if fresh fruit isn't available, there is always jam—or marmalade to spread on golden brown, flaky biscuits. Hot biscuits or scones have a way of *making* an informal tea party—there's no doubt about that. Try them the next time you invite friends in for the afternoon, and see how successful they will be.

There are hundreds of things to do with biscuit dough. Starting with a good recipe for baking powder biscuits and a certain amount of practice you can, by changing the recipe a little here and adding a little there, have drop biscuits, shortcakes of all kinds, cheese biscuits, date biscuits, cornmeal biscuits, wholewheat biscuits, fruit biscuits, jam biscuits, roulettes, scones, or the tops for meat pies. Once mastered, biscuit making is as easy out-of-doors as in a kitchen. As sure as you become adept at mixing the biscuits well in a yellow bowl in the kitchen you will find yourself mixing them in the paper bag some day at camp. And instead of baking them in the kitchen oven, you will put them in a frying pan and prop them so that they will bake by reflected heat.

The baking powder biscuits are easiest of all hot breads to make—so easy that an expert can set out a batch every twenty minutes, and it does not take very long or a great deal of effort to become an expert.

You are already acquainted with the pour batter family which includes the pancake, in which the proportions of flour to liquid are one and one-half parts of flour to one of liquid. In the drop batter family, the muffins, you find the proportion of flour to liquid is about two to one. Biscuits are an example of soft dough. Here the proportions are in the neighborhood of three to four parts of flour to one of liquid. Variations are due to absorbing powers of

Golden Biscuits—

Have them for tea with jam and watch them disappear while your friends murmur politely, "I'm disgracing myself, but I really must have one more." Have them as shortcakes with any fruit and make your reputation as a hostess

By WINIFRED MOSES

different flours, which you have to discover for yourself.

We will begin with the basic recipe for baking powder biscuits, a recipe that may be used for many adventures in cooking and that leads up to the luscious shortcake that may be served in so many different ways—with cream, with custard, or with fruit or berries alone.

Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ —1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder	4 tablespoons fat (cold)
	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup ice water

Since the lightness of baking powder biscuits depends on the amount of expansion of the air and gas the dough contains, and since the colder the gas and air, and the hotter the oven in which it is baked, the greater the expansion of air, you can see at once that it is important to have the ingredients cold, the room in which you work cold, and to bake the biscuits in a hot oven.

When you start to make biscuits, you will need the following utensils:

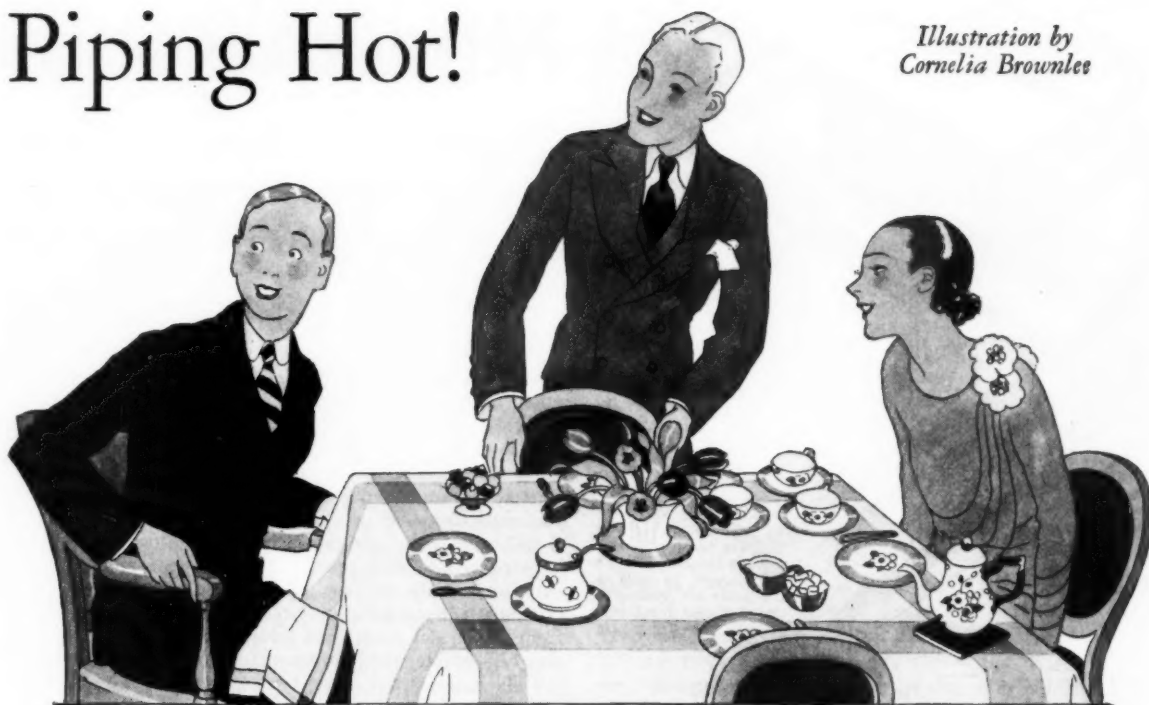
- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| a. Breadboard | f. Sifter |
| b. Rolling pin | g. Measuring cups |
| c. Baking sheet | h. Measuring spoon |
| d. Bowl for mixing dough | i. Spatula |
| e. Bowl to sift flour into | j. Knife or pastry cutter |

Arrange your equipment conveniently for working. Sift some flour into a bowl—a piece of paper may be used instead—and measure two cups of it into another bowl. (An expert worker could dispense with this bowl also by measuring the flour onto the board and mixing the dough without benefit of bowls.) Pour the rest of the flour back into flour container. Measure the baking powder and salt into the sifted flour and sift again. Next, fill the measuring cup three-fourths full of cold water. Add enough fat to fill, and drain off the water. Add the fat to the flour and mix it in with the fingers, or chop it in with knives or with a pastry cutter. When the fat is the size of peas, measure out the water—very cold—and add gradually, tossing it in lightly until a soft dough is formed, not too dry, not too sticky.

Sprinkle a little flour on the board. Tip out the dough. Scrape out the bowl well. Form the dough into a roundish cake and, with the spatula, roll the round of dough over and over until it is coated with a thin film of flour. Sprinkle a little more flour on the board if it is needed. Do

Piping Hot!

Illustration by
Cornelia Brownlee



not be too generous, or you will have floury biscuits, which are not so good. Flour the rolling pin. Pat the dough out to the desired thickness, about one-half inch, unless you like thin biscuits, then make it thinner. Roll once or twice with the rolling pin to give a smooth surface, but lightly, so that no air is pressed out. With a biscuit cutter, cut in rounds. If you prefer small biscuits, use a small cutter. Put on the baking sheet and pop them into a hot oven for twelve minutes and your biscuits are ready—delicious looking morsels.

Biscuits may be put in the ice-box for fifteen minutes before baking, which seems to improve their texture. Thirty minutes of this treatment, however, may make them soggy. Strange to say, three hours and a half in the ice-box before baking improves them; over night seems fatal. This is a peculiarity of biscuit dough to remember.

Cheese Biscuits

For cheese biscuits, roll out the biscuit dough to a half inch in thickness. Cut in rounds and place half of the rounds on the baking sheet. Put a bit of butter, and a slice of cheese on top of each round. Then top with other rounds of dough, press the edges together and bake as for biscuits in a hot oven for about twelve minutes.

Date Biscuits

For date biscuits, roll out the dough to less than a half inch in thickness. Spread with melted butter and sprinkle liberally with brown sugar and cinnamon. Cut in rounds with a large biscuit cutter, and add a stoned and shredded date and a dash of grated orange peel to each round. Fold over and press the edges together. Brush with milk or melted fat and bake in a hot oven.

Cornmeal Biscuits

For cornmeal biscuits, use one cup of cornmeal and one cup of flour instead of all flour. Add bacon fat instead of other fat. Roll out. Cut in thin rounds. Brush with milk

and fold together. Bake in a hot oven. This may be varied by mixing a little grated cheese to provide a new flavor.

Whole Wheat Biscuits

For whole wheat biscuits, use whole wheat flour instead of white flour and add a tablespoon of molasses.

Jam Biscuits

For jam biscuits, put an egg and a tablespoon of sugar with the fat. Use a little less water because the egg acts as liquid. When well mixed, roll to a third of an inch in thickness, spread with butter, cut in rounds and put a teaspoon of jam or marmalade on each. Then moisten the edges with water and fold over and press together. Cut two slits in the top, brush with melted fat or milk and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Drop Biscuits

For drop biscuits, which can be made more quickly than the rolled kind, use one cup of liquid and, instead of putting the dough on the board, rolling it out and cutting it into rounds, just mix it and drop by spoonfuls on to the baking sheet or fill well-greased muffin tins two-thirds full and bake twelve or fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Fruit Biscuits

For fruit biscuits, make a drop biscuit dough. Then mix together a peeled and chopped apple, one-half cup of seedless raisins, two tablespoons of currants, a little grated orange peel, a dash of lemon juice and two tablespoons of brown sugar. Mix this with the drop biscuit dough. Fill well-greased muffin tins half full and bake in a hot oven.

Shortcakes

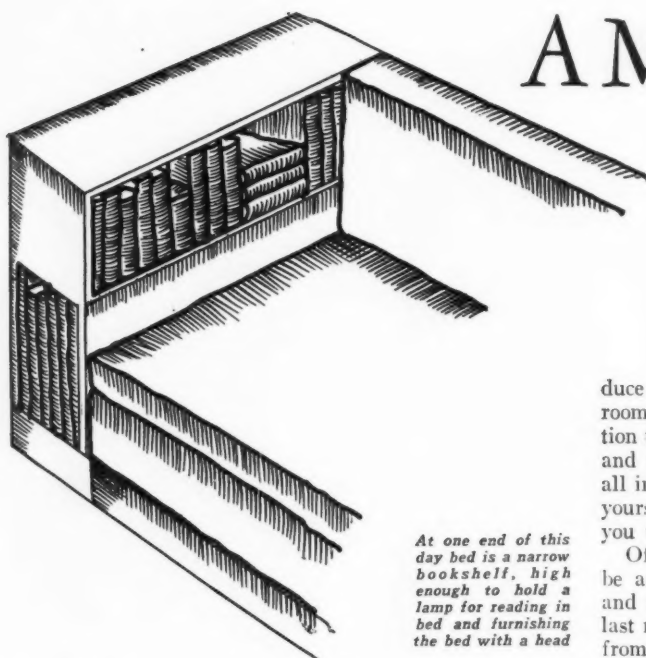
And now for the climax—the shortcake! To convert a biscuit dough into a shortcake dough, use a little more fat. (The recipe for jam biscuits may also be used for shortcakes.) Roll out as for biscuits, cut in rounds, brush with melted fat, and put one-half of the rounds on a baking

(Continued on page 48)

A Modern Room

Comfortable chairs, bandy book—last month you planned their collecting or making these

Written and illustrated

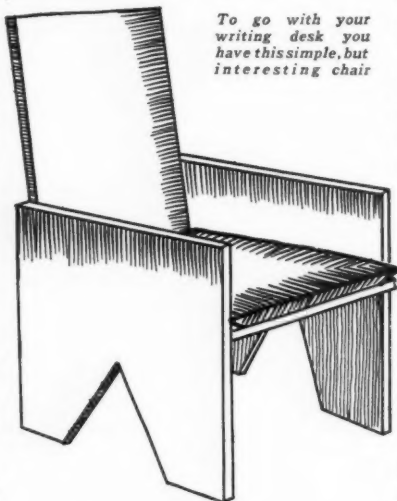


At one end of this day bed is a narrow bookshelf, high enough to hold a lamp for reading in bed and furnishing the bed with a head

WHEN once you start to redecorate your room you immediately acquire an enthusiastic interest in materials for curtains, in rugs, and mirrors and furniture. You may go into a department store to buy a hat or a dress or a few yards of crêpe de Chine, but you will probably find yourself in the upholstery department before you know it, trying to decide whether a plain or figured fabric will be better for covering that easy chair that you want to put over by the window.

It becomes a fascinating pastime, this planning of a color scheme and selecting furniture. And when the whole room is finished, there is a tremendous amount of satisfaction in looking around and saying: "I did this myself."

But it isn't time yet to sit back and admire your handiwork. There's still a great deal to be done in the model room that I'm telling you about to help you in deciding what to do with your own bedroom. Last month I discussed color schemes and advised you to choose your colors according to the light your room receives—something bright for a dark north room, and a cool shade for a sunny room. I suggested, too, that you draw a floor plan and indicate on it where your furniture should be placed. In the plan of the model room that appeared in the April magazine, the main pieces of furniture were represented by oblongs and circles and squares. These geometric figures are partially coming to life this month in the drawings that you see on these pages. And if you have decided to intro-



To go with your writing desk you have this simple, but interesting chair

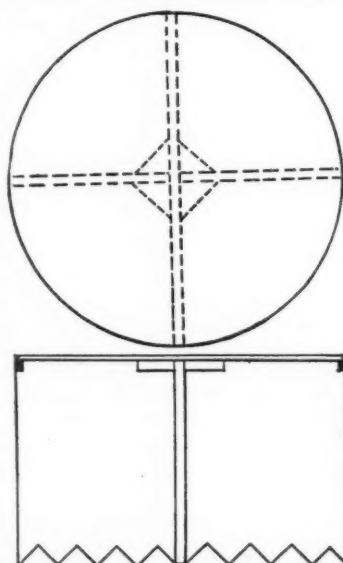
duce one or more new articles of furniture in your own room, or if you want to adopt the modern idea of decoration throughout, you may find yourself busy with hammer and saw during the next few weeks. For, if you are at all ingenious, you will be able to make some of the pieces yourself or an obliging brother may be persuaded to help you with them—if he is approached most tactfully.

Of course, the pieces of furniture illustrated should be arranged to suit your own wall space and windows and not exactly as they were placed on the floor plan last month. Your room may be an entirely different shape from our model room, and several different arrangements may be possible. But, for convenience, we shall go into detail about the model room, for which the furniture shown in the sketches on this page arranges itself very easily and practically.

Against the wall is the day bed, which is nothing more than a frame, four inches high, into which is set a box spring, with what is technically called a rabbet edge. This means merely that the spring has niches at the corners which fit it into the frame and prevent slipping. The box spring should be covered with the material chosen for bed and chair covering. On top of it the mattress is placed, with a removable spread of the same material, which is tucked in all around during the daytime. Against the wall stand three plump, well-filled cushions, about four inches thick, contrasting with or matching the spread. This day bed is extremely comfortable for sleeping, and practical in a room that is used a good deal for studying or entertaining friends. And the construction of the frame is so simple that you would find it easy to make the bed yourself.

At one end of the day bed, near the window, is a narrow little bookshelf, high enough to hold a lamp for reading in bed, and wide enough to accommodate several favorite books. It serves the purpose, also, of furnishing your bed with a head.

At the other end, at the foot, stands a bookcase and drawer combination. It is quite wide, having three ample drawers, two on one side and one at the



You'll love to serve tea at a table whose mirror top is set on a wooden trestle

for a Modern Girl

shelves, low tables, a restful day bed—arrangement, and now you can begin pieces of individuality and charm

by ILONKA KARASZ

end, and several bookshelves. This gives as much space for clothes as a chest of drawers could provide, and it does not look so definitely like a piece of ordinary bedroom furniture.

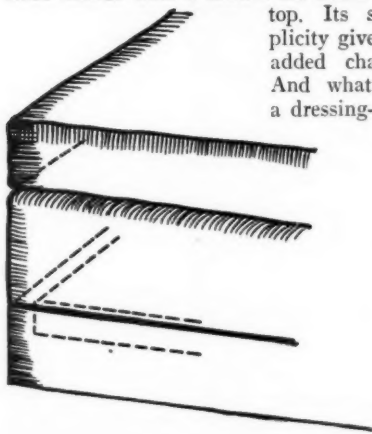
Set in front of the day bed, and up toward the head, is a low, mirror table. Its base is a wooden trestle, as you will see in the sketch, and the legs have niches into which the top is set. This top can be either a round slab of mirror or of glass with polished edge. A mirror top gives a charming effect, reflecting the bright colors of whatever it holds and making the table especially attractive when tea things are set out on it.

Beside the table is a reading chair, low, cushioned and comfortable. It has no legs, but simply a wooden base which raises the seat six inches from the floor. The back is also a wood frame, tilted so that the reader's posture is natural and easy. Into these frames are fitted two cushions, four inches thick, covered with the fabric used on the bed. Back of the chair is a stand lamp.

Against the wall opposite the bed is the writing desk, with its flat top railed around on three sides so that papers and pencils will stay where they belong. It has a wide drawer with knob handles and an interesting little chair goes with it. This chair is, like the other furniture, extremely simple in design and easily constructed. It is made of four wide boards, two of which stand upright to form sides, and two tilted a little for the back and seat. The side boards are notched, and the seat is covered with a cushion. The result is a comfortable, solid chair.

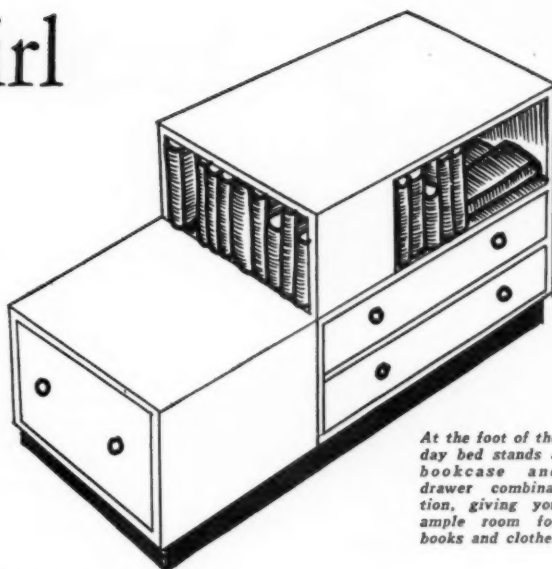
Against the fourth wall stands the dressing table, which is even simpler than the desk chair, for it is made of only three boards with a drawer set under the top. Its simplicity gives it added charm.

And what girl doesn't want a dressing-table for her room, where she can get an intimate view of herself? Every girl can have one, it's so simple to make. The drawer has round, nickel knobs, and



Here is a corner of your day bed, showing the box spring and the mattress

This low reading chair, set beside a table, is cushioned and comfortable



At the foot of the day bed stands a bookcase and drawer combination, giving you ample room for books and clothes

the table is topped with a piece of glass or mirror. Above it hangs another mirror, unframed and with edges polished, which may be secured in place either with picture wire put through holes cut at the upper corners and hung to the moldings, or by being fastened to the wall with large nickel knobs. The dressing table has a little bench, or it may have a stool, with a cushion matching the one used on the desk chair or the covering of the bed, whichever you think more suitable.

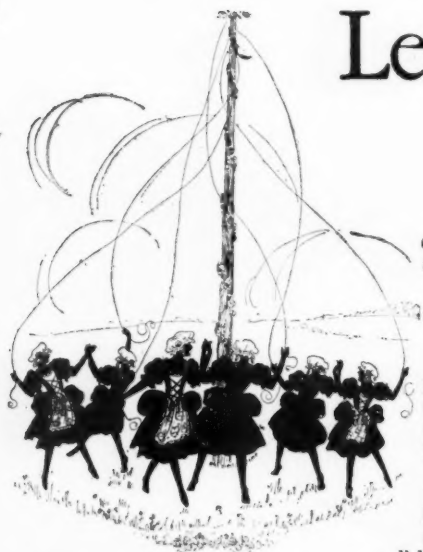
As you have seen, from the sketches and descriptions, all this furniture is simply made. If you should want to make some of it yourself, you will find that Philippine mahogany, for which the trade name is *lauan* is a very good wood to use. It finishes in a pinkish tint and is of a fairly open grain. If you wish, you may leave this wood unpainted—modern craftsmen are doing this a good deal. Just use transparent wood-filler in the finishing, filling up the pores with a light color. In this way, warping will be avoided and

the looks will remain unchanged. A wax finish should be applied to preserve the wood and prevent scraping.

If you prefer to buy it, go to a good specialty or department store and look for furniture which approximates the style and lines of the pieces we have described. Since the manufacturers of modern furniture have not yet been able to produce it so that it compares favorably in price or in workmanship with imitations of the furniture of other periods, you will find it cheaper to have it made by a cabinet-maker or a carpenter.

The chief contribution that the moderns have made to the art of decoration is that of making known the beauty of natural woods. Simplicity and efficiency are the keynotes of this new furniture, and these are just the qualities

(Continued on page 39)



Let's Dance and Sing

*And time for Girl Scouts to come to
and cities to hold festivals and fêtes*

on their lips and burst into song when she comes again to live with them.

"Bring in the May"

Harrisburg holds a festival

This is exactly what happened at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, when between eight hundred and nine hundred Girl Scouts—but here is what Maxine Swisher of Troop Eleven says:

"I will tell you about our 'Festival of Youth.' We were given a list of countries to represent in song or dance. We did an old English folk dance. There were about eight hundred Girl Scouts in it. It was a great success and we all enjoyed it so much."

In this pageant, youth led the way, followed by the bowl bearers. The past followed, a demure nun, in flowing robes of sober gray, and then came the future, in misty gray through which the dreams of days to come gleamed in rosy hue.

The bowl was used to collect all that the past, all that the present from different sections of the earth could bring as their offerings to the youth of today. The past came with her rich store of ancient lore, the maidens of the different countries of today brought their offerings of wheat, and cotton, and silk and wool and danced the dances and sang the songs that only the people of those countries knew.

"We bring you all this," they said to the youth of today, "that you may carry on, and give to the future even more than we have brought to you today—a future of high achievement."

And finally when the bowl was filled

BEFORE you have quite caught your breath from your April sweeping and dusting and preparation for spring, May, the smiling month you have prepared for, overtakes you. Why, after all the April preparations, it always comes suddenly and surprisingly, it is hard to know. But certainly May is a time that makes Girl Scouts want to get together not only by troops, but by neighborhoods and towns and cities and do things. Certainly it is a month in which the horizon widens from your own cozy house and yard—or apartment and street as the case may be—to include a large green, growing world.

All over the earth, or at least the parts of it that have a climate like our own, May has been, from most ancient times, a season of pageants and festivities; and if these celebrations were times of rejoicing that the earth was green again and the sun warm, they were also times when people were glad that they had so many friends and neighbors with whom to rejoice. This is probably the reason why May Day has become Child Health Day. Originally it was a time to check up on the health of babies and little children, but it has grown to be a day that communities, as well as families and individuals, devote to starting better health habits and establishing ways to promote good health. So when Girl Scouts find May at their doors, it is not surprising that they burst into festivals and fêtes, and celebrate the coming of their favorite month. They await May with warmth in their hearts and music



This Portuguese dance was part of a celebration Girl Scouts gave at El Paso, Texas

carried the great bowl on their shoulders in the recessional circling the hall.

To the "Far Northland"

May is welcomed at St. Paul

May takes a little longer to get to St. Paul, Minnesota, than it does to some other parts of the country, but when it comes, Girl Scouts a thousand strong fittingly celebrate. At their last festival, every registered Girl Scout participated. So before lords and ladies, May held court, and a town crier announced the coming of the gayly

dressed, lively stepping dancers. A high point in the performance was the Russian *Krakoviak*, danced by a group of Girl Scouts who had learned it from their parents. There were dancers from many other nations also.

Last of all was heralded a procession of Girl Scout cooks, craftswomen, handymen and nurses, all dressed in appropriate costumes and illustrating what the crier—in a clear, resounding voice, so that all might hear—was announcing to his delighted audience. His cry took the



Girl Scouts of Honolulu wear Hawaiian costumes and flower leis when they have a festival

pageants and May with all the contributions of the past and of the present, the Girl Scouts, representing the spirit of the youth of today, became the bowl bearers and

for It Is May Again!

*gether by neighborhoods and towns
and to observe Child Health Day*

form of this short poem which he chanted with great vim and energy:

"And now good friends we'll show to you
What we as good housewives can do.
These girls have baked a loaf so brown,
And these have made each lovely gown;
Gardeners, nurses, craftsmen we,
Would show this goodly comp-an-ee
That though we play and sing and dance
We never lose the slightest chance
To show there is a priceless art
In playing just a housewife's part."

Spring magic

Jackson, Michigan, has a pageant

An account of similar goings-on from Jackson, Michigan, comes from Florence Hunt, Troop One.

"The Girl Scouts of Jackson, Michigan, just had a very beautiful pageant. It was given as a folk festival, for that is the means through which man expressed his wonder at the ever changing seasons, and it is a way for us to preserve the beauty of our ancient customs. The eighteen troops in town—four hundred girls—took part.

"This pageant was given in the boys' gymnasium of the high school. Miss Schrottky, of the national organization, came to direct it. We all loved Miss Schrottky. Of course, we were very excited that night and over a thousand people came, no one leaving before the pageant was over. The hour and a quarter that it took, seemed just half that time. At exactly five minutes of eight, the orchestra began playing and at eight Miss Schrottky introduced the pageant. Then the lights were dimmed, which made it most beautiful. Here is how they entered:

"Girl Scouts, eight abreast, dressed in very colorful costumes came first, each troop representing a different country—English, Irish, Scotch, Italian, Dutch, French, Swedish, Hungarian and others. They separated at the end of the hall and each took its place, seated on the floor on the sides of the hall, making the gymnasium look like a garden bordered with flowers. The center of the room was left for the dances.

"Before the dancing began, the lights were turned on. The first dance was the children from Brittany led by Yvonne, a girl from Brittany. Then followed the other dances, all interesting because the costumes and the dances typified the country each troop represented.

"During the numbers, several girls danced around the room and muffin men went around to all the girls, selling their wares. During the festival all the groups, four hundred Girl Scouts together, sang lovely songs, making our festival folksy and merry. Some of the songs were 'The Spinning Song,' 'The

Far Northland' and 'Nobody Knows the Trouble I See.' Everybody seemed to enjoy our entertainment."

"The Dyspeptic Ogre"

Chicago Girl Scouts elude him

An amusing health play was prepared by Girl Scouts of Troop 36, Chicago, Illinois. Katherine Pierson, scribe, writes of it:

"When the Wadsworth School Parents' and Teachers' Association asked us to give a play for them, we prepared and produced 'The Dyspeptic Ogre'. The ogre was one who eats little girls and he was just about to eat a darling one when some Girl Scouts rescued her. It was really very funny for the ogre had a jester who was always chipping in in some ridiculous way. The Parents' and Teachers' Association said they enjoyed it very much. We hope to entertain them again."

Kitchen drama

Brooms dance at Springfield

Girl Scouts of Springfield, Massachusetts, have been particularly interested in homemaking this year, so when it came time for them to present a pageant, they chose "Keepers of the Hearth," to illustrate what they had been doing.

With it the girls attained fame, because probably for the first time in history, the fairly prosaic job of dish washing was given as part of a very lively episode in which dish pans, glasses, silver and even cooking pans all were actually present. One of the jolliest incidents was that in which the brooms all came alive and danced. At the close, a representative of each troop, carrying the troop banner, came through Home Service Lane and received from the Girl Scout home service books for the girls in her troop.



Everybody seemed to enjoy this piece, the actors as well as the audience.

Adventures in folk lore

Milwaukee has May fête

The Girl Scouts of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, got excited over folk lore, during a rather bookish winter. One after another, troops discovered that a long time ago in England and a still longer time ago in Egypt, people got excited over the coming of spring and made a point of welcoming it with special ceremonies.

By this time spring was well on its way to Milwaukee, so some eighty-six troops of Girl Scouts came together, decided that the auditorium would serve nicely as a village green and proceeded to give a charming May festival. How thoroughly they captured the spirit of the occasion may be illustrated by Troop Six—the girls who were to give the Greek games. To do this properly they plunged into libraries to find out what Greeks really did at their games and how they looked while they did them. Another troop who were to be French children found out how the youngsters in that land would celebrate May time. In fact each troop made an effort not only to appear in the pageant but to work out something for it.

(Continued on page 52)



Girl Scouts all enjoy dancing on the green at their yearly May fête in Sheboygan, Wisconsin

"The month, it



This knight and his lady are going to "The Nottingham Fair" at Edith Macy, Briarcliff Manor, New York

And nearby, at Andree, the national Girl Scout camp, a group of maidens celebrate spring's coming (right)



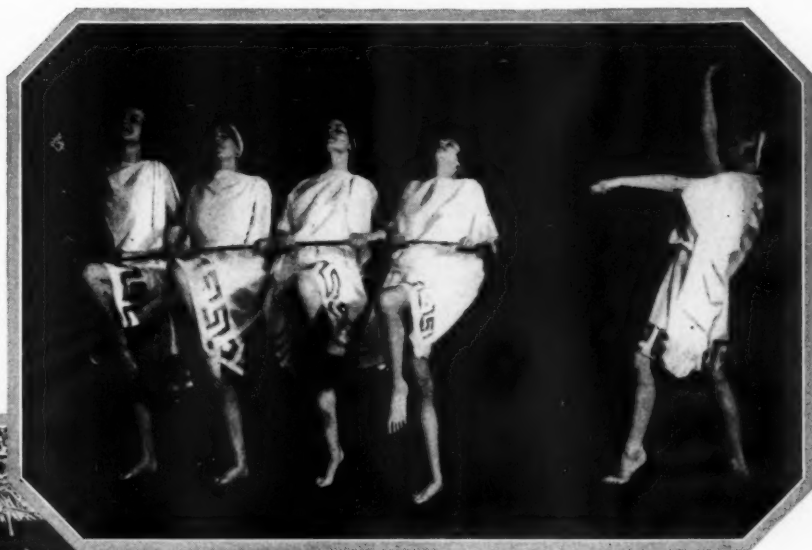
The haunting strains of gypsy music accompanied this group of girls of Troop Four, of Jackson, Michigan, when they danced the czardas, a dance of old Hungary



it was the month of May"

rcady, the month, it was
—and Girl Scouts find
, too, in their lovely out-
be festivals that they have
her early summer days, too

Below, you see Alice and the
White Rabbit paying a visit to
the March Hare, in an outdoor
play at Camp Hoffman, Rhode Island



Here is an idea for your May Day
celebration—a chariot race in true
Greek style, as they had at the festi-
val held by the Milwaukee Girl Scouts

The photograph below, from Harris-
burg, Pennsylvania, shows another pos-
sible feature for a Greek festival—a
lovely dance by girls in flowing robes



At the left, you see some Girl Scouts of
the Manhattan Council at a spring rally, do-
ing a Dutch folk dance in picturesque cos-
tumes. Another May festival idea for you!



That Freshman Mascot!

(Continued from page 10)

Ann was delighted with the improvement. "B'ess 'um's 'ittle heart," she crooned, as she served Ritzy milk from Mr. Woohgee's saucer. "You're just exactly what we ordered."

Ritzy lapped up the milk and then expressed her satisfaction with a demure purr.

Connie found Ann's best black and yellow tie and tied it around Ritzy's neck.

"We'll make a poster saying, 'Our team is as catsy as our cat,'" she said. "And a yell like:

"Kitty-cat, kitty-cat
Boom—a—rah—sit,
Who brings us luck?
Our cat Ritzy."

Connie was so intrigued with Ritzy that she couldn't bear leaving. She decided to spend the night, and that meant two crowding into a bed built for one. And Ritzy decided *not* to sleep in the closet. Every time Ann put her in and shut the door Ritzy gave a lot of cat calls. It was then Ann began to doubt whether Mr. Woohgee's answer to prayer really met all specified requirements. Finally she turned the cat loose and told her to sleep where she pleased. But that meant a stuffy room, because the windows had to be closed to keep Ritzy from wandering down the ledge to Hilda. During the night, Ritzy decided to sleep in about twenty different places. With each move she turned over a bottle of ink or broke a lamp or upset the waste-paper basket.

When Ritzy wasn't prowling around—Connie was. She had inspirations off and on about new posters and she claimed she had to write them before she forgot them.

Ann protested sleepily, with a groan, and two minutes later there was a step in the hall from the left and someone at the door—presumably Miss Whittier—said, "Are you ill again, Ann?"

"No, ma'am," declared Ann earnestly, "I'm lots better—really I am, Miss Whittier. I was just turning over, that was all. I'm sorry if I awakened you."

When morning finally came, Ann and

Connie went to classes feeling decidedly groggy. They also had to cut a class or so because someone had to stay in Ann's room all day guarding Ritzy. The sophs were snooping around and Hilda seemed determined to kidnap the mascot.

By noon Ann found herself thinking of the story about a man in India who had a white elephant given to him. He couldn't pack it in his suitcase to take

or that"—until the sophs were almost on their ears. As a consequence they doubled and redoubled their efforts to get hold of Ritzy.

The freshies were wild with joy and gratitude after lunch when Joan, the freshman president, had a class meeting and Ann officially presented Ritzy as a mascot. Ann had a hope in the back of her head that the class would decide that the president should have all the glory of keeping Ritzy.

But the class acted differently.

Right at once the girls appointed Ann "Lord High Cat Keeper" and the meeting broke up with all the freshies feeling that they had given Ann the greatest honor possible. Ann's spirits soared high again at the compliment, but just the same she continued to think about the man who owned a white elephant.

During the afternoon all the freshies congregated in Ann's room to enjoy their treasure. The sophs also dropped in by twos and threes and Ritzy was popped in and out of the closet about a thousand times. Each time some enthusiastic and excited freshie knocked down a hat or dress or a coat. Ann had the pleasure of listening to things rip as they were torn from the hooks.

The hub-bub lasted until night and a good time was had by all until finally a me-ow from the closet precipitated a skirmish between sophs and freshies. The closet door key was the bone of contention and Ann's whole room was the battlefield.

The first study hour bell had rung and a senior monitor appeared as a warning. She advised all visitors to take to their heels as Miss Whittier was on her way upstairs. She also left a little note for Ann and Connie, asking them to spend study hour in Miss Whittier's sitting room.

Ann and Connie read the note and felt gloom replace their exultation of victory. They had received such notes before and knew just what they meant.

What's Wrong with Milly?

May Day is Health Day—a good time for Milly to learn some health rules



No vim, no vigor—
And what a "figger"!



Sweets and pastry everywhere,
And not a green in sight.
Chocolate pie, with blobs of cream,
Chocolate, iced, and "Devil's Dream"—
She ate them all and didn't seem
To know it wasn't right.



Do you want to see a sight?
Look at Milly!
Writing in that awful light—
Oh, how silly!
Sitting hunched above her work,
Soon her spine will have a quirk,
And her eyes begin to jerk,
Willy-nilly.

She thinks she's done her duty
By her health and by her beauty
If she raises up her window
just a crack,
And she lies on heaps of pillows
'Til she's buried in soft billows—
Yet she wonders why she has
a crooked back!



around with him. He couldn't leave it, he couldn't give it away and he couldn't sell it. He didn't know where to put it, but he had to keep it. Ann began to understand how that man felt.

Of course it was fun teasing the sophs, and every time Ann or Connie passed one, they said something about a cat—asked if the sophs were not sorry they weren't young and kittenish like freshies, they said "for cat's sake do this

If your troop is planning a May Day celebration this year—

At the beginning of the year, Miss Whittier had explained to the incoming freshman class that the school did not require the students to attend a formal study hall. The girls were expected to observe study hour in their rooms.

"I have observed, though," said Miss Whittier, "that sometimes a student finds it hard to concentrate among the disturbing elements in her room. For such young ladies I offer my sitting room as a quiet retreat."

Ann and Connie got a note about once a week and each time they vowed Ole Whit would never again suspect that they had brains. It was hard for them to appear utterly dumb, though. They invariably showed signs of intelligence in class on days following a study period spent with Ole Whit. One could certainly keep one's attention riveted to books in that sitting room.

As all the visitors scampered home, Ann gathered up her books preparatory to departure and opened the closet door and looked inside. What she saw increased her gloom.

Ritzzy was sitting on a spring coat and chewing the fur collar as hard as she could. In one corner was Ann's new spring hat. Ritzzy had slept in it and between naps she had played with the feather pom-pom that had made the hat the smartest one in school. Disorganized yellow feathers rolled towards the open door. Even Connie was impressed by the wreckage.

"We might just as well have had that nice little goat," she said. "All the posters I've written put together aren't as good as the one saying, 'The sophs can't get our goat!'"

"Well, Ritzzy has got mine," said Ann. "I can't keep her any longer, and I can't turn her loose. I'm deadlocked."

She looked beseechingly around for help. There on her desk sat Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee.

Ann made a rush for him. She sat him on the floor. She started his smoke curling ceiling-ward. She dropped on her knees before him.

"Mr. Woohgee," she said, "I'm much obliged for the mascot, but you got our order mixed up. Ritzzy isn't a goat, but she's just the same as one. She isn't a white elephant, but she looks like one to me. How about helping us out again?"

Connie leaned over entreatingly.

"We need a new home for her, Mr. Woohgee," she said. "A sort of stronghold—a fort or something—that the sophs can't invade."

"And we need an army and navy," added Ann, "or a fierce dragon or something to guard Ritzzy so that she'll be safe while we study a little. I'm not Ole Lady Whit's roommate, but if I have to go to her sitting room to study much more, I might as well be."

"Mr. Woohgee," supplemented Connie, "I don't care about a chance to study—don't bother about that—but I've got to use all these good posters I've made, so please don't let the sophs get Ritzzy." The second study hour bell rang. The girls, with great reluctance, put Ritzzy in the closet again. They locked the door and set Mr. Woohgee in

front of it. Maybe he would do something. Perhaps he could help.

Ann pocketed the key and then leaned over Mr. Woohgee for a parting word. The incense smoke curled around her nose. She sneezed as usual.

"Mr. Wooh-ker-choo," she said, "how ker-choo—about ker-choo—it?"

And then with heavy steps and slow, the two girls moved toward Miss Whittier's sitting room. Seeing that Hilda also had to go cheered them a little, but not much.

Ann and Connie took the front seats. Miss Whittier was at her desk, her back to the studious students assembled—but no one failed to get down to work. It was a well-known fact that Ole Whit had eyes in the back of her head.

Ann opened her geometry and glued her eyes to the page. Her ears, however, wandered down the hall. She thought she heard a me-ow. Maybe Ritzzy had crawled through the key-hole. In a few minutes there were stealthy footsteps making their way to Ann's room—more footsteps, and still more, until Ann figured that every freshie had returned and brought a friend.

Other footsteps followed—a door slammed—there were half a dozen suppressed giggles. A faint excited buzz came from Ann's room. Ann figured that all the sophomore class plus their friends must be there also.

The Lord High Cat Keeper felt for the closet door key. It wasn't in her pocket. It wasn't down the neck of her blouse. It wasn't caught in a fold of her skirt. It wasn't in either shoe. She sighed. She must have dropped it when she leaned over Mr. Woohgee.

She heard a thud—the scrape of metal—soft scuffling sounds.

The Lord High Cat Keeper sighed again.

Both sides must have seen the key. It was going to be a good fight when they got in her closet. Maybe they wouldn't step on her hat. Maybe there would be a few shreds of her blue evening dress left—maybe Ritzzy would not be torn asunder—but only maybe. More and louder scuffling.

"Help, Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee!" breathed the Lord High Cat Keeper.

Miss Whittier rose from her desk. She left the room as unconcernedly as if she were going to answer the telephone. In a moment she came back and stood by the door. All the freshies and all the sophs and their junior and senior sympathizers filed past her and found places suitable for study. Ole Whit had unwittingly served the freshmen.

Ann's ears moved back to make room for her grin. Hard luck for the girls, but Ritzzy was safe! Ritzzy was still a freshie! Ann felt a little light-headed with relief.

The girls opened their books. Miss Whittier returned to her desk and resumed watching the students with the back of her head.

Then "Me-ow," said something at the door.

Ann's grin froze on her face and slowly melted.

Ritzzy stood in the doorway. She had been released during the scuffle and she

(Continued on page 38)

Thousands watch this Girl's Hands



MISS IRMA WRIGHT

HERE is a girl with famous hands!

Miss Irma Wright, world champion amateur typist, amazes big audiences all over the country with her speeding fingers!

Yet like so many business girls she has housekeeping cares—cooks, washes dishes, too. How *can* she keep her hands smooth and lovely?

Here is her secret—

"The way I protect my hands in spite of cooking and dishwashing is so simple it seems almost miraculous," Miss Wright says—"it's by using Lux in my dishpan. This gives them *real beauty care*."

Try washing dishes with Lux! How pretty the sparkling Lux suds are! And your hands look whiter and smoother *after* washing dishes than before—if you use Lux!

Best of all, Lux for dishes costs little. For the average family—less than 1¢ a day.



Be sure to snap some pictures and send them to "The American Girl"

To win a Sailor's merit badge you must:

"1 Demonstrate hoisting a sail, taking in a reef, letting out a reef, steering, sailing close to the wind, before the wind, coming about, coming up into the wind."

Ship Ahoy!

Is there anything more treacherous than a slippery deck . . . especially when you're showing how nimble and efficient you are . . . trying to win your boating honors?

Here's a thought. When so much depends on your sure-footedness, wear Keds! Keds are more than ordinary "sneakers". Keds are fine, canvas-topped shoes, with rubber soles that simply *cling* to slippery surfaces! They're made with special "Feltex" insoles that keep your feet cool and comfortable.

You'll find that Keds give faithful service whether you're working for honors afloat, afield, or on the gym floor. And, they're particularly smart this season since they've blossomed forth in colors!

4 new shades

Keds "Cleo" now comes in blue, jade, crimson and sand, besides the usual black and white. So you can have your ties and shoes match. And girls, when your shoes display the troop color too, it's an easy matter to spot your teammates in games, hikes or camp gatherings! No matter how fast they move . . . the flash of color is easy to follow.

As to style and prices

Keds models range in price from \$1.00 to \$4.00. But, whatever you pay, they'll give more return for your investment than any other sport or play shoes we know of!

The name "Keds" is stamped on every genuine Keds shoe. Look for Keds in the best shoe stores in town.



Keds "Cleo"



Keds "Juno"



Keds "Regina"

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

United States



Rubber Company

At \$1⁰⁰ \$1²⁵ \$1⁵⁰ \$1⁷⁵ and up to \$4⁰⁰. The more you pay, the more you get — but full value whatever you spend.

That Freshman Mascot!

(Continued from page 37)

had followed the crowd straight to destruction. She glanced around self-confidently, not realizing where she was. No one hopped up and grabbed her. Grabbing cats simply isn't done in Miss Whittier's sitting room.

Ritzzy caught sight of her black and gold tie that had come untied and dragged the floor. She played with it until the ends disappeared behind her. She saw her tail and played with that until it also disappeared somewhere out back. Ann felt sorry for her. So joyous, so young—and Ole Whit there ready to wring her neck and end it all.

A freshman twittered.

Ritzzy was mildly startled. She looked around the room. Then she walked sedately across the floor and hopped into Ann's lap.

Several freshmen twittered.

Miss Whittier turned around.

"Oh, Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee!" breathed Ann again.

Ole Whit's stern glance traveled from the back row forward. Then she saw Ritzzy.

"Goodbye, cat!" breathed Ann.

But Miss Whittier smiled. Her smile spread all over her face.

"Well, of all things!" she said. "My kitten has come home. Well, well, well."

She took Ritzzy from Ann's arms. She brushed her cheek against Ritzzy's gray fur. "Well, well," she repeated, and turned quickly and disappeared into her bedroom with Ritzzy riding her shoulder.

Everybody present buzzed a different sort of buzz—astonishment, relief, amazement, chagrin and disappointment! Sophs and freshmen had both lost the argument. Both sides went down in defeat. What a thing to talk about! They had been struggling to keep Ole Whit's cat!

The bell rang, ending the study hour. The girls rose and filed out of the room. The buzz grew louder as they went down the hall.

But the Lord High Cat Keeper sat tight. She had saved Ritzzy from the gutter. She had sacrificed lots of clothes, she had endured hardships to keep her. She had accepted honors for finding her. All of that made Ritzzy part hers. She would not give up the cat!

Ann crept to Miss Whittier's bedroom door.

"Bless his heart!" Ole Whit was saying. "He *did* come back home, after all, didn't he? Good kitty."

Ann blinked.

That sounded as if Ole Whit meant to keep Ritzzy.

"And he's not going away again, is he?" crooned Miss Whittier.

Oh yes! She was going to keep Ritzzy for ever and ever.

"Oh! Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee," breathed Ann for the third time. And right that minute something inside of Ann's head seemed to speak to her. "If Ole Whit likes that cat so much," it said, "maybe

Mary Ellen goes in for archery next month. And how she makes the arrows fly!—

she's human. Go in and see if she is."

Ann knocked on Miss Whittier's door. She squared her shoulders, stiffened her knees, and then stepped boldly forward.

Half an hour later she danced into her room and slammed the door. Connie was there waiting for her.

Ann picked up Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee and waltzed around the room with him.

"Explain," demanded Connie.

"Ole Whit and I formed a partnership," announced Ann. "From now on I'm going to be Lord High Cat Borrower and she is going to be Chief Custodian of the Cat. Ritzy really is hers. Hilda swiped her off the window ledge first and I swiped her next and Miss Whit has spent hours looking for her."

"Ha! Ha!" said Connie and she rolled laughing on the bed.

"But," continued Ann, "I told her the whole story and she really understood why we had to have Ritzy for a mascot. And she laughed—Connie, listen to this—she laughed when I told about Hilda bringing food for our cat."

"Aw?" said Connie.

"I swear it," said Ann. "And then Ole Whit says, 'I can't part with my kitten, but we might own her together. She can live here with me and the freshmen can claim her for state occasions.'"

Connie sat up straight.

"Aw, go on," she said.

"That's the arrangement," insisted Ann. "Miss Whit suggested it herself but you know and I know that the arrangement is really the work of Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee."

Connie rolled over again.

"Well," she said, "I'll say he sent a fierce dragon to guard Ritzy. Ole Whit of all people!"

"He sure did," agreed Ann. "No soph, however brave or foolish, is going to swipe Ole Whit's cat and, furthermore, from now on Ritzy is going to chew

Ole Whit's fur collar and not mine."

"Ha! Ha!" said Connie. "And when Ole Whit catches her doing that! Poor Ritzy!"

"You oughtn't to say that," corrected Ann. "I don't believe the ole girl is the person we've thought she was. I believe she's a little bit human and not quite as old as we've figured. She calls Ritzy, Lawrence. She named her or him for the person who gave him or it to her—and Connie, she actually blushed when she mentioned Lawrence."

Connie cocked her head on one side in disbelief.

The next week there was a grand parade at Miss Whittier's Select School for Young Ladies—the May Day March—the great annual event.

The sophomores marched on one side of the campus and the freshmen marched on the other.

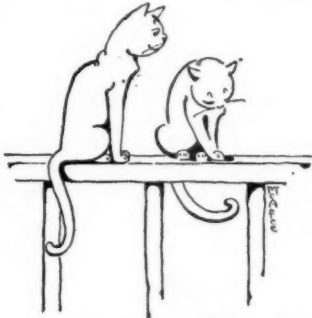
The freshmen had a fine mascot. The sophomores had no mascot. At the head of the freshman class marched the Lord High Cat Borrower and the cat. Ritzy was carried on a black and yellow pillow beside Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee. Behind Ritzy marched Connie. She carried a banner that said: "Who brings us luck? Our cat, Ritzy!" And the freshmen had a cheer, too, with a

catlike wail at the end, which they kept repeating at every opportunity that presented itself. There was laughter and cheering, and the day was a gala one for the freshman class.

That night Ann made a wreath of satin roses and placed it on Mr. Woohgee-Poohgee's brow. Connie came in to study math, and all during study hour, they discussed his supernatural powers.

"But the most marvelous thing he did," said Ann, "was revealing to me that Ole Whit is slightly human. Maybe being partners with her in other ways would work, too, I wonder. Maybe, Connie, she really was once a freshman! You never can tell."

"Oh, yes!" said Connie, still quite unconvinced, "but only maybe."



BOOTS: "What way is the most tactful way to insult a dog?"

FRITZ (with conviction): "Far away, my boy, far away!"



I Earned \$25 for Vacation Fun

Dear Club Manager: About this time last year all of my friends were planning their vacations. I, too, had been eagerly looking forward to two weeks at camp later in the summer—but things happened so that I knew I'd have to earn my own money for the trip. Then one day, while looking through *The American Girl*, I read of The Girls' Club.

I haven't much more to tell except that through The Girls' Club I earned \$25.00 to go away to camp later in the summer, and won a nice camera, besides. You know when you make the money yourself it counts for so much more. Louise James, Delaware.

Two glorious weeks at camp with a kodak along to record them. You'd enjoy such a vacation this summer, I know.

But how about the \$10.00, or \$15.00 or more that camp will cost?

Of course you can always go to your parents for the money you need, but I know that girls want to feel grown-up and independent. You like to do things all by yourselves, don't you?

You can have your own money every day when you're "in" The Girls' Club, too. And all the time you're earning dollars for vacation, clothes, or "stay-at-home" good times, you'll also be earning lovely and valuable prizes. A gay raincoat . . . a colorful lamp for your bedroom . . . a tuneless banjo uke can all be yours.

Here's another happy member:

Dear Club Manager: Yesterday I bought a blue sports dress with the \$10.00 I earned in Club work. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, The Girls' Club is going to help me buy all my summer clothes. I intend to earn a sports watch too. Virginia Beal, Ohio.

Your First Step—Write Me!

You'll feel at home, I know, in a club of girls where you can earn plenty of money and prizes in your spare hours. You'll enjoy wearing the blue-and-gold club pin too. Take the first step in joining by writing me this little note: "Dear Manager: Please tell me about The Girls' Club plan." Be sure to give your age too. This is very important. I'll take the second step by sending you the details in a hurry.

And then—you can start "earning" immediately. There are no expenses or obligations.

Manager of The Girls' Club

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

1073 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A Modern Room for a Modern Girl

(Continued from page 31)

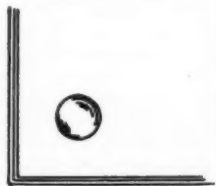
that should characterize such a room as the one we have been discussing. "Gingerbread" ornamentation, with its curlicues and frills, is really only suitable in the setting where it originated—that is, in an emperor's palace. In this machine age, the lines of modern furniture are in much better taste, and more suited to the needs of the user.

But our model room is not without its bits of decoration in small things, such as lamps and bowls for flowers. When you have a background of plain color in bed cover and rugs, you can relieve

this simplicity a little with printed chintz in curtains, or a printed wall paper, or with bright pottery, or with the right picture for your modern room.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The next article of this series on a modern room will appear in June. In it Miss Karasz will suggest accessories—lamps, chintz, cushions—the important finishing touches.



Here is a corner of the mirror showing the knob

The bull's eye isn't the only target. What about the Professor's hat?



© H. J. HEINZ CO. '29

Do the girls ask to "swap" sandwiches with you?

On picnics and hiking parties the other girls always want to "swap" sandwiches with Doris.

That's because her mother always keeps on hand a good many of the Heinz famous 57 Varieties.

And such delicious sandwiches Doris makes — and so many kinds! Some with *Heinz creamy Peanut Butter*. Some with *Heinz Sandwich Relish*, all full of chopped olives and sweet gherkins. Some with *Heinz Apple Butter*. Even the plain tongue or cheese kind have a different zip when they're spread with *Heinz Mustard*.

And best of all the big can of *Heinz Oven-Baked Beans* with that real baked bean taste. Good hot or cold.

Before your next picnic or hiking party why don't you ask your mother to get some of these delicious Heinz 57 Varieties?

57

H. J. HEINZ CO. • PITTSBURGH, PA.

Proud as Lucifer

(Continued from page 13)

mind so full, it was blank and tired. Nancy decided she wouldn't go outside. She wanted to be quiet with that book. She would sail down Katama Bay, leave the boat at the old hotel landing and walk across to South Beach. It would be quiet there and she could read the book and look out Muskeget Channel to that same stretch of open ocean that Gam used to watch from the captain's walk on the house-top, waiting for Gran's big *Ephraim Frye* to come struggling, deep-laden, home.

What did she know of her grandfather? Not much, when you came right down to it. Gam hardly ever spoke of him, though it was clear that she all but worshipped his memory. The *Ephraim Frye* was a whaler—one of the few big craft that Edgartown had ever boasted in the trade. Her master, whose sad and kindly eyes looked down from the parlor wall, had died before Nancy's mother had learned to walk or to know him. Nancy liked to look at his face.

Was it possible that there was anything in that life, lived out almost fifty years ago, to be ashamed of?

Moby Dick had reached the head of the bay. Over the dunes came the grumble of surf on South Beach. Nancy let go her halyards, made fast to the rotting piles of the old hotel wharf, and clambered ashore. She passed the derelict building, long since abandoned, without a look and came to the long white beach and the glinting sea. She paused to look about.

In the sand under a bank hung with bayberry and beach grass she scooped a couch and settled down, the book on her knees.

Minutes passed, lengthening into hours. The afternoon was slipping fast. Down the beach, from under the bluffs came intermittently a smart popping as of firecrackers, almost lost in the thunder of the breakers. The sun swung westward, dipped into that riot of cloud and was gone, leaving the sea dark and the world cool and gray. Nancy heard nothing, saw nothing but the faded brown ink on the foolscap before her.

She had opened the book at random, near the end, somewhere in the year 1860. Almost at once she had caught, between the lines of her grandfather's neat and careful writing, an undercurrent of doubt—yes, of guilt. This book was no ordinary log. True, there were weather notes, daily positions, records of so many barrels of oil tried out and stowed, tales of thrilling adventure, of broken harpoons, of lives lost bravely, of the old *Frye* jammed in Arctic ice. But the book was more than all that. It was Gran's confidant, his thoughts about life. Feeling the pride, the courage, the bewilderment in those tidy pen-strokes, you handled that book tenderly—it was a delicate possession.

Life had gone hard with Captain Jonathan Mayhew—hard beyond the perils of his calling. It appeared that, when whales were scarce and Nantucket and New Bedford ships forced the market, owners called upon their skippers to bring home other cargo than whale oil and bone. Gran's did, anyway. Gran found himself bringing a human cargo, fast becoming contraband. Slaves.

And Gran knew what was coming. He looked ahead. He saw himself outlawed by his own New England, his ship pillaged by Confederate privateers. He was caught between the two mill-stones. He had to earn a living. He didn't know what to do.

"How often the easiest way becomes the hardest," he had written. "Had I but swallowed my Pride and stoutly told the Company nay, all might now be well. Whereas, here am I, frowned upon by my friends at Home, chased up the coast by these hot-blood Virginians, and forced to be a Party to such treatment of my Fellow Humans as I would not accord a dog. God pity me. At times I am minded to scuttle the Ship, put off Crew and Prisoners—I would say Passengers, for these wretched Blacks are every whit as good as I—and go down to the bottom with her."

At those words Nancy looked up. Her eyes were swimming.

"Poor old Gran," she whispered. "Poor old Gran!"

How her own troubles were dwarfed beside his great predicament. Nothing like that happened nowadays. And there was Gam, the poor

darling, struggling to hide this ancient and forgotten sin from a careless, hurrying world!

She read on. With bated breath she read how the war of North and South had solved Gran's problem—how he had been exonerated and the *Frye* commissioned by the federal government; and of the heroic part that ship and her commander had played in the blockade of Savannah. She read to the end, and closed the book with a sigh, and fell to musing.

She must have slept, for her eyes came open at a sound like thunder. Dusk had fallen, but a tip-tilted moon rode high over the gloaming. Out beyond the surf was a full-rigged ship, ghostly gray against the sky. A square-rigger, in 1929, standing proudly into Muskeget Channel . . .

She rubbed her eyes, shivering. Thunder boomed again, and off the ship's bows rose a spire of white water like a whale's spout.

"There she blows!" Nancy quavered without knowing she had called.

From quite near in the twilight came a low clear chuckle. "Hullo! Quite a show, eh? They'll never get 'em, though. Slip off in the darkness . . ."

It was a boy, taller than she, bare-headed, laughing. Though she had sur-



Your Class Day Dance! What if you're appointed Refreshment Committee Chairman—

prised him, he seemed to take her presence as a matter of course. It was the ship that held him.

"Was—was it a whale spouting?" she gasped.

"Whale nothing! Smugglers. Been watching 'em half an hour. Where'd you drop from, buddy? Say, you're cold! Put on this coat."

In the swift darkness they could barely see each other. When they looked seaward again, the ship had faded into the night. But somewhere to the right they heard the low purr of the coast-guards' pursuing engine.

"Foxed 'em," the boy chuckled. "That's why they use sails, they—What's *that*?"

In a pause between breakers had come the splash of oars.

"Look! No—behind you!"

Nancy whirled. Over the dunes stood the square black lump of the old hotel. One window glowed like an eye.

"Foxed 'em twice! Decoyed 'em off-shore with the ship while they land the stuff in one of the boats. Oh, boy! Why go to the movies? Look!"

His arm pointed beyond the surf to a dark shape riding there. They both heard chattering voices. Oars dipped, and the boat lifted on the first comber, shooting toward the beach.

"Portygees," the boy was whispering.

"Let's lie low and watch the—"

Nancy stamped her foot. She was prickling all over. "I'd rather—stop 'em," she said, very low.

"All right! Look at this." Actually, he held up an automatic pistol. "It isn't loaded—left the clips down the beach—but we'll show it anyway. Say, couldn't you make your voice sort of gruffer? Sounds more like a girl—quick, now! We're agents. Rush 'em, shout like blazes! 'Ah! Now we've got you!'"

Together they rushed, the boy splendidly gruff, Nancy trying hard. They made enough noise for a regiment; they stormed down the beach into water that swirled to their knees; they caught the bow of the boat and shoved back desperately.

After the first shock of surprise had come a wild high clamor, answering theirs. Two gun-flashes knifed the darkness. An oar lifted, swished past Nancy's ear. Head down, shoving with every ounce, she heard the butt of the boy's pistol crack on bone. A wave half buried her; she struggled for footing, found it, shoved again—and to her immense relief felt the boat's bow slide off out of reach on the undertow.

She staggered. An arm caught and steadied her. The boy yelled hoarsely into the blackness: "You try it again and you'll get sent up for twenty years!" He put two fingers into his mouth and whistled shrilly, as if for reinforcements.

Offshore, pained silence. Up in the hotel the lighted window had gone out.

"We—we dished 'em!" the boy chuckled with amazed glee. "Can you tie it?" Suddenly he stared at her. "Good night! You are a girl!"

Nancy laughed a little shakily. She had lost the beret and run a dazed hand through her hair, ruffling the curls in the

(Continued on page 42)



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Stimulants, Sedatives or Food~ from a Health Standpoint

THE desire for extreme slenderness is bringing serious consequences.

When stimulants, sedatives or drugs are substituted for the food needed to build health, the penalty is certain and severe—frequently broken health and sometimes death.

Half-truths are often more dangerous than falsehoods. While it is true that an excess of fat is frequently dangerous in the later years of life, it is not true that young people—under thirty years of age—can ordinarily expect to have good health if they avoid wholesome body-building foods and persist in a rigid "reducing" diet. There are certainly more cases of tuberculosis among young "underweights" than there are among those of normal weight.

During childhood and the early adult years, Nature demands a bodily reserve upon which she can draw to fight disease. In youth a few pounds of excess weight are a valuable protection against physical breakdown. The sacrifice of this needed tissue may result in permanent injury.

There is no mystery today in what constitutes an intelligent diet. The doctor who would not hesitate to prescribe a stimulant or a sedative in case of emergency, would forbid their use in place of needed foods.

A famous health expert was asked, "Do you think stimulants are harmful to everybody, no matter in what degree the stimulants are used?" He said, "Not

always, but everyone should try to make himself so fit, physically, that he will not need or desire artificial stimulation. The hunger for stimulants is an indication of weakness and evidence of improper diet or other incorrect living habits."

Certain practices trick the appetite and dull the desire for food. When the demands of a normal appetite are too frequently denied, the appetite may be lost and food be made repugnant.

If the fathers and mothers of tomorrow will eat properly, exercise properly, work properly, sleep, breathe, stand, walk—yes—and think properly, they and their children will have better health and longer lives.

* * * *

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has the privilege of consulting the world's most famous specialists on important questions of health. While the Metropolitan wishes to point out most emphatically the danger of too strenuous dieting at the earlier ages, it also wishes to stress, no less emphatically, the danger of overweight at the older ages.

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KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad
which deodorizes



Proud as Lucifer

(Continued from page 41)

moonlight. "What of it? It can't be helped, can it? Who are you?"

"Me? Why I'm Dave Blum. Got sick at school, and they sent me down early to recoup. Darn lonely. I was killing time with the gun and a target under the cliff, when—boy, what sport! Think of it happening to us!"

"I . . . see." Life rushed back on Nancy. Her lips closed.

"How'd you get here?" he asked.

"I sailed over from town. My boat's in the bay."

"You come again, Nancy," he called softly. "We'll give 'em what-for if they try to play on our beach."

Nancy waved in the moonlight. "Thanks for the coat, Dave. I'll return it tomorrow."

When she reached home, Gam clung to her as if she would never let go. "Child, where've you *been*? Nine o'clock—and you're wet through! I was scared to death, and—oh, so you brought it back, did you? I thought after reading it you might feel like throwing it into the sea. Nancy, I've decided to sell it."

Nancy hugged her tight, and the book dropped to the hall floor. "Gam, darling, there's no reason why you *shouldn't* sell it if you want to. For instance, have you read it?"

"Why no. But I thought—and folks said—"

"Gam, there's not a thing in it to be ashamed of. Not one word. People are lots wickeder than that today. . . ."

They were silent for a moment. Gam picked up the book and absently dusted off its shabby covers. "Well . . ."

Nancy drew a breath. "But there's no reason either why you *should* sell it," she said, "because—I've changed my mind—about the Blums."

"Nancy!" The old lady's soul shone through her eyes. "You mean it?"

"Yes. I've had enough of taking the easiest way. All through school—and fooling round here all summer while you pinched and saved. You know what Gran says? Gran says the easiest way turns out to be the hardest. It did—with him."

Gam hid her face in her hands. "Oh, Nancy, I'd almost rather you wouldn't. The Mayhews never hired out, and we can manage."

"Well, this Mayhew's going to," said Nancy between her teeth, "and proud of the chance—proud as Lucifer."

"Don't, child! I take it back!" Gam said quickly.

"It'll be hard all right, doubly hard now that Dave—why, no!" Her face cleared. "Come to think of it, he'll make it easier!" She began to laugh quietly.

Again they were silent for a moment, each wrapped in her own thoughts. Then Gam looked up dazedly. "Nancy, what's come over us? How'd it all happen?"

Nancy stooped and swiftly kissed her. Suddenly she was very tired, very sleepy, very happy and very sure of what she wanted to do.

"Dunno. Magic, I guess," she said, and laughed until she cried.

Are you getting ready for camp? What about your equipment?—

Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 18)

"Sure I am! Don't I know it? Can't her guests ride in the front seat if they want to?"

"They have," said Dixon, chuckling. "Don't you adore to drive?" she asked presently.

"Just the same way you adore to go to school, I reckon," he said. "It's my job, that's all."

"That's funny," said Carmella. "I'd love it."

"They tell me before traffic got the way it is there was some fun in being a chauffeur," admitted Dixon. "But ever since I've been at it, it's nothing but dodging bumpers and crossing crashes."

"Then why do you do it!" Carmella was insistent. "Why do you stick to it?"

"Got to do something for a start, haven't I? I've only been chauffeuring a couple of years. This is my first job, outside of carrying papers. But I didn't want to be a newsboy all my life, any more than I want to do this chauffeuring forever."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Carmella. One of her cherished ideals was busily deflating. She knew several chauffeurs, and they all liked the work. Her chief objection to Nicole Pieri was that he was not yet old enough to be a chauffeur.

She had already highly resolved that her first beau should be a professional driver. This Dixon was a new kind of chauffeur to her. She turned to him, saying: "You been driving only two years? Gee, you're good at it! How old are you, anyway?"

"I had my twentieth birthday last week," he answered.

"Why I thought you were most as old as dad," said Carmella. Dixon laughed aloud.

They drove on in silence, until the machine was turning from the boulevard into Laurel Avenue, on which the Barrington home faced. Then Carmella asked: "How do these Barrington people dress for lunch, Mr. Dixon?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, do they dress up, like they do for evening dinner? I read in the paper that their kind of people have dinner at night. How about lunch? Do they dress up?"

"Not so you'd notice it. They don't dress up any more than nothing at all. Whatever they happen to be wearing. I've even seen Mrs. B. eating lunch in her riding togs. You're all right, kid, if that's what's worrying you. You look like a four-hundred, if you want to know."

"Thank you, Mr. Dixon," said Carmella.

The Barrington butler admitted her to the house. He did not awe Carmella. Instead, he interested her. She had read about butlers in the Sunday papers' detective stories. Usually, she knew, a butler was suspected of the murder, which after all proved to have been

committed by the guest who had been asked at the suggestion of Lady So-and-So. She gazed studiously at Hammond, trying to decide how many murders he might have been suspected of.

But this preoccupation did not prevent her from recording quick and accurate impressions of the room itself, done mostly in cream and rose, with carved needle-point chairs. Carmella noted with some surprise that there was no Morris chair. She had expected to find the place filled with them. She must look into this.

Mrs. Barrington's greeting was informally cordial. Carmella quickly noted her gown. No, she had not dressed up. Her own school dress was in perfect keeping. A slight flutter of triumph set her heart to thrilling.

And then, for a fractional thought, she was conscious of picturing her mother, that afternoon, asking her with anxious detail what was worn.

Maria would want to know that, even before she asked what food was served. And Carmella would have to tell her that the school dress was right. There was an instant's sympathy with Maria.

"Did Dixon bring you here without trouble?" asked Mrs. Barrington, motioning Carmella to a seat.

"Oh, yes! He's a wonderful driver, isn't he, Mrs. Barrington?"

"Dixon's a very careful driver. By the way, Kate, we're to have Mr. Barrington home to luncheon today. He's just telephoned. He doesn't usually come. He'll be here a little later. We won't wait."

A sudden tremor shook Carmella. Mr. Barrington—to sit and eat with him, at his own table! Her mind surged into a thousand paths, and tried to hold them all at once. Would there be a chance to talk real estate? Would there be a chance? Would there be?

Presently Hammond announced luncheon. Mrs. Barrington's two children followed the butler in, and she introduced them. "My children, Kate—Margaret and John. I want you to know each other."

Carmella extended her hand to each, having mentally pre-viewed this scene for several nights. The trio solemnly shook hands.

In the dining-room, Carmella was seated at Mrs. Barrington's right. It interested her to see that Mr. Barrington's chair was at his wife's left. Her parents, now, sat at opposite ends of the table.

The serving of the food interested her more than the food itself. She watched her hostess closely, as each dish was brought on, and imitated with a success that surprised her. Secretly she was terrified, but outwardly she gave no evidence of her fears.

Margaret and John studied Carmella closely. It was evident that their mother

(Continued on page 44)



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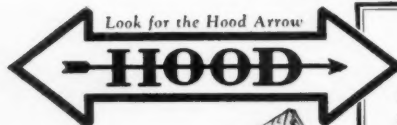
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Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 43)

had told them something about the guest that stirred their curiosity. Margaret chatted freely, asking Kate, which was the only name for Carmella that she knew, whether she swam and rode and played basketball, and what dancing school did she go to and did she paddle a canoe and didn't she hate piano practice and didn't she hate bedtime stories by radio and didn't she simply adore Tom Mix.

With perfect frankness Carmella furnished negatives to most of the flood of questions. John, two years older, said little. But occasionally he and his sister exchanged glances, as when Carmella admitted that she had no dancing teacher.

Presently, seeing that she was being catechized, it amused Carmella to say: "No, I don't do practically a thing. All I do is go to school, see a movie when I can, and help Dad on his real estate."

Whereupon John almost jumped out of his chair. He became garrulous on the instant. "What do you mean, Kate?" he demanded. "Helping your dad on his real estate?"

"Oh," said Carmella demurely. "Dad digs foundations for a living. But he plays real estate on the side."

"But you said you helped him. How do you do it?"

"By talking English. Dad don't talk a word—or maybe a word and a half—of English. I'm his interpreter."

Margaret and John both paid their guest a new attention. John was especially eager. "You mean you talk business for your dad?" he asked.

"Sure!" said Carmella, calmly. "Don't you?" she added, realizing suddenly that the boy was admiring her.

"Dad thinks I'm dumb," he said, keeping his eyes on his plate. "If he'd only let me—gee! I'll bet I could help him slip that Union Trust crowd a wallop."

"Sure you can help him, John, if he'll let you," Carmella said sympathetically.

But her interest in the food and service and the other children ceased abruptly, when she heard the front door open and a breezy masculine voice call from the hallway:

"Sorry to be late, my dear. Unexpected thing came up about that Greendale deal. Be right in, as soon as I wash up."

Carmella almost jumped to her feet in her excitement. Her thoughts raced in a way she had learned to dread. For when they raced she usually did something to worry about later. But by the time Mr. Barrington entered the room, she was calm again.

Mr. Barrington was big and ruddy-faced and jovial. He looked around the table and nodded cheerfully as he came in. Mrs. Barrington turned to her youthful guest and said: "Kate, this is Mr. Barrington. Rodney, this is Kate Coletta, the girl I told you about, who is helping me so wonderfully at the Hope House." Carmella winced at this surprising statement. Why, how could she?

Have you been invited to the wedding? Jo Ann and Tommy are going to be there!—

Mr. Barrington shook hands cordially with Carmella. As he took his seat beside his wife she asked, as an answer to his shout from the hall: "The Greendale matter proving complicated?"

"No, not that. Just moving a little faster than I expected. Bus line starting next week, and I've already got an annexation ordinance planted, to be presented to the aldermen next Tuesday. Richmond arranged it. He's got our holdings all fixed—all but one little quarter acre or so. Real estate out that way will shoot for the sky next week. Well, well, how's everybody? Hello, Margaret, my dear. Hello, John. How's the boy?"

His children responded dutifully, though obviously bored. Margaret had more than once protested at her father's incurable habit of talking the day's business at table. He talked business everywhere. He could no more help it than a small boy can help jumping and shouting. It was the boy still in him. His interests were everybody's.

Suddenly, under the resentful glare of his daughter's eyes, it appeared to occur to him that he had duties to his wife's guest.

"How do you do, Miss Coletta?" he asked, turning cheerfully to Carmella and bowing slightly. "Please excuse me for talking shop at the table. Bad habit, I know."

He laughed delightedly, like a boy, glancing at his wife and daughter as if the joke were on them. His daughter glowered. He went on: "Mrs. Barrington has spoken of you. You're a Hope House girl, I understand. Never been there myself, but Mrs. Barrington tells me it's an interesting place. Tell me, please, what you do there? You're not as interested in Greendale as Mrs. Barrington is, I'll wager. She's looking for a pearl necklace out of it."

"Yes, sir!" said Carmella.

Icicles and red-hot pokers had raced up and down her back as he had told his wife of the state of affairs in Greendale. Pearl necklaces! Of city ordinances and annexation projects she had the haziest of notions. But evidently, in some mysterious way, they were connected with such items as pearl necklaces.

"Yes, sir!" she repeated, pretending to have choked a bit as she thought. "I am interested in Greendale. My dad has some land out there. Some men tried to buy it the other day."

"Rodney!" exclaimed Mrs. Barrington. For her husband was suddenly holding his knife and fork in his hands, both straight in the air. And he was staring at Carmella as even John had not, out of politeness, dared to stare.

"Su-weet Jerusalem!" he was saying. "Who was trying to buy your father's land?" he asked, softly.

"Two men. Mr. Hastings and Mr. Richmond."

"Su-weet Jerusalem!" said Mr. Barrington again. Who in the world, he asked himself, would suspect that a girl picked up by his wife at a settlement house would prove to be the key figure in a real estate deal?

Through the rest of the luncheon Carmella felt like a queen, so wholly was his brilliance focussed on her. By finger-bowl time she was sure that he was the most wonderful man she had ever met. And so friendly! She had always supposed these rich men were cold and repellent.

After the coffee, with *demi-tasse* chocolate for the girls and John, Mr. Barrington looked at the banjo clock on the wall and said to his wife: "I'm dated for golf at two-thirty. If you can spare Miss Coletta for a few minutes, I'd like to talk real estate to her."

Mrs. Barrington smiled. To Carmella she said: "I really didn't invite you to a business luncheon, Kate. I didn't know that you and Mr. Barrington had real estate interests in common. Would you like to talk to him about land? Because of course you know you needn't, if you don't want to. Perhaps you'd rather wait till you talk with your father."

But Carmella was already quivering with eagerness. "You bet I'd like to talk," she said, with fervor.

Mr. Barrington chuckled. "Let's go into the front room, Kate," he said. "You can talk with Mrs. Barrington about Hope House after I've started for the day's work at golf. Does your father play golf?"

"My father, he works," said Carmella, severely.

"By Jove, I thought I did," said Mr. Barrington. "Don't talk to me as if I didn't, please. Maybe I'll sell a hundred-thousand-dollar property this very afternoon, Kate, at about the twelfth hole."

"You play and work, too?" asked Carmella.

"I absolutely do." This was such a new idea to Carmella that it needed some time for adequate digestion. She was still ruminating when, in the cream and rose room, they faced each other.

Mr. Barrington chose to introduce the subject: "You were your father's interpreter that day?" he asked.

"Yes, sir!"

"And he wouldn't sell for five thousand when the men offered it to him?"

"No, sir! He wouldn't sell for that."

(Continued on page 46)

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Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 45)

"Why not?" asked Mr. Barrington. "Because I told him not to."

"Oh!" said Mr. Barrington, drawing the word in perplexity. "Why did you tell him that?"

"Because I've got as much right to that pearl necklace as your wife has, if you want to know."

"Su-weet Jerusalem!" Mr. Barrington said again. "And what will he sell for now?"

"I don't know, sir," said Carmella, her knees quivering. "He said seven thousand then. But he didn't know about the bus line and the annexation."

"Darn the kid!" exclaimed Mr. Barrington, under his breath.

"Don't they make it worth more, Mr. Barrington?"

"Yes, Kate, they do."

("I'll be a sport with her if I lose ten thousand," said Mr. Barrington to himself.)

"Well, Mr. Barrington, I heard Mr. Richmond tell Mr. Hastings that you'd pay twice what it was worth to get Dad's land," said Carmella.

"Oh, did you? And what do you think the land is worth, Kate?"

"Dad was going to hold it for four thousand, and twice that is eight thousand," said Carmella.

"Well, but—hang it, kid! Mr. Hastings offered you fifty-one hundred, he tells me—that's more than your father asked—," Carmella hesitated, gazing at the realtor in sorry misery.

Her lips quivered as she answered: "M-Mr. B-Barrington," she half sobbed. "I've got something to tell you. I d-didn't interpret right to Dad. I heard Mr. Hastings say—or Mr. Richmond—what he said to the other man. D-Dad would have sold for four thousand. I t-translated wrong. I kept s-saying that Mr. Hastings wouldn't give what Dad wanted. And I kept telling Mr. Hastings that Dad wouldn't sell for less than seven thousand. I—I—lied, Mr. Barrington."

Suddenly Carmella burst into tears, a situation with which Mr. Barrington had had small experience. She wept quietly for a moment, and then burst into language again. "I ch-cheated, Mr. B-Barrington. I ch-cheated. I didn't want Dad to work so hard and then somebody else make all the money. Dad would kill me if he knew it. Don't ever let him know it, please, Mr. Barrington."

Mr. Barrington, all at once, felt like a knight errant. In business matters he was known to be as sympathetic as a railroad crossing. But in some odd way this seemed different from ordinary business. Carmella was, for one thing, his wife's guest. And the story she had just told—what a kid!

"Listen, Kate," he said. "I size it that you run the works. So listen to me. I want your dad's land because there may be a profit in it for me. But if plans don't go through, there'll be a loss I can stand a loss and your father can't. I guess I'm right about that."

"I think the plans will go through."

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Why do Carmella and her father have a quarrel? And how does it end?—

This business is a gamble, and I can afford to do it. But if they don't—" Mr. Barrington shrugged his shoulders. "Your dad's figure of four thousand dollars was a speculative one," he continued. "If my plan works, he can get it, and a lot more. If it doesn't work, he loses. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give him, cash down, Monday noon in City Hall, eight thousand dollars for his land. Is it a bargain?"

"I'll ask him," said Carmella.

"He'll do what you tell him."

"I think he will sell for eight thousand," said Carmella.

"I'll send Dixon or a taxi for you at eleven-thirty, Monday. Tell your dad to bring his papers. I'm off for golf. Goodbye, Kate, and I'm very glad Mrs. Barrington met you."

The realtor held out his hand, shook Carmella's heartily, and was gone.

The child stood dazed. Mrs. Barrington entered shortly and chatted with her. But afterwards all that Carmella could remember of this later conversation was that her hostess had asked silly questions about sewing and lace-making, and that Dixon took her home. She could not remember speaking to Dixon, all the way.

To her father that evening she recounted the interview, without mentioning bus lines or annexations.

"Eight thousand, did he say?" asked Tommaso.

"Eight thousand," repeated Carmella.

Tommaso thought a few moments before answering. Then he said: "Tell him I think he is a fool, but I take it."

"At eleven-thirty, Monday?" asked Carmella anxiously.

"I can arrange it then."

Carmella danced her happy way to bed that night. The anxiety that had clouded her way through recent days was changed to an almost overwhelming reaction of gaiety.

And that night she dreamed of pearl necklaces mixed with Greendale lots.

To her surprise, and slightly to her disappointment, Mr. Barrington himself did not appear when Dixon halted the car in front of the gate precisely at eleven-thirty on Monday morning, bringing Mr. Hastings. Tommaso had reached the house from a small job in the city a few minutes before.

Carmella liked the big, jovial Mr. Barrington. Mr. Hastings she neither liked nor trusted. Her heart sank at the possibility that he would say something that would indicate to her father, if he understood it, how she had fooled him before.

Should her father discover the truth, even though she had won some thousands of dollars for him, Carmella could not guess what would happen. He might buy her a gift, or he might punish her. He might even do both. Of all the human beings she knew, Carmella admired her father the most, and understood him least.

She climbed into the rear seat beside Mr. Hastings and beckoned her father

to follow. She would have liked to ride with Dixon, but she knew that she must be between the two men.

Without even a "Good morning," Mr. Hastings turned to Carmella and said: "Has your father got the deed with him?" The girl translated, and Tommaso tapped his breast pocket.

"Let's see it," said Mr. Barrington's agent. "I don't want to fizzle things out at the recorder's office, now that we've decided to pay your dad's hold-up."

Always he talked to Carmella. And she thrilled at being her father's agent in so vast an enterprise. She was to Tommaso what Hastings was to Barrington. Her anxiety could not entirely kill her sense of glory.

For an instant she hesitated at Mr. Hastings' demand for the deed. She had seen important papers torn up, to turn the tide of a heroine's fortune on the screen. But she remembered Dixon on the front seat. From the angle of his head she knew that he was listening. He would make a witness if any desperate work were tried. And so, constructing a sprightly melodrama as she went along, she told Tommaso to let Mr. Hastings see the deed.

The latter nodded as he examined the paper, and presently handed it back to Carmella, who passed it to her father. "All right," he said, speaking to the girl. "We've had the title examined in advance, along with the title to our own land. We'll be through in ten minutes after we get to the town clerk's office out here."

"Have you got the money—eight thousand dollars?" asked Carmella, skeptically.

"Certainly! Certified check," Mr. Hastings showed it to her. To her inexperienced eyes, it looked like a check that had been cancelled.

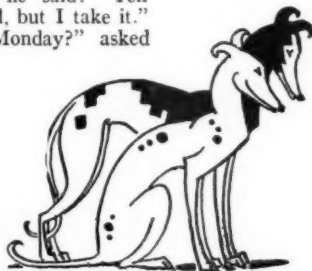
"What is 'certified'?" she demanded, suspiciously.

Mr. Hastings' explanation was too technical to satisfy. She couldn't understand, not even enough to explain to Tommaso. And he, sensing difficulty, was instantly suspicious. He was not used to money, and checks, and savings account books. But since the man had differentiated this check from others, he would have none of it. He spoke a dozen words in Italian to Carmella, who thereupon explained that money or nothing was her father's motto. As she finished, Dixon turned in his seat, slowing down the machine.

"Listen, kid!" he said. "Excuse me for butting in, Mr. Hastings, but she'll understand me better. A certified check is extra special. Safe as the Bank of Italy. It's better than money, because it isn't so easy to lose. Take it from me! Tell your father to take it, and after we leave the office out here I'll drive you to his bank, whatever it is, to deposit it."

"Dixon!" exclaimed Mr. Hastings, hotly, growing scarlet as he spoke.

(Continued on page 48)



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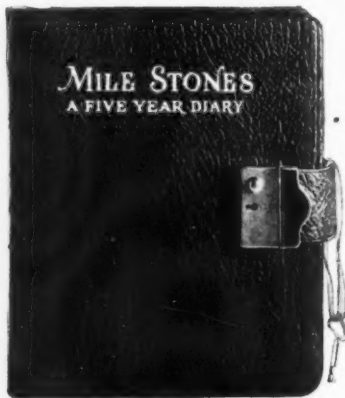
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Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 47)

"Yes, sir!" came Dixon's cool voice. "I'll give the orders here, please." "Very well, sir! You will after I've followed Mrs. Barrington's orders, which were to see that Kate and her father were looked out for in every way. Those are my first orders, sir."

Carmella knew that Dixon could be relied on in any emergency. Her voice sang a sudden song of triumph as she cried: "Go ahead, Mr. Dixon, to the town clerk's office." She wondered if she had done it as Norma Talmadge would have done it.

The transfer was made quickly, and the sale recorded, and Mr. Barrington's check for eight thousand dollars handed to Tommaso. Carmella and her father returned to the machine, while Mr. Hastings took a taxi.

"I'm driving Mr. Coletta and his daughter to their bank, Mr. Hastings," explained Dixon. There Carmella satisfied herself by seeing that the certified check was accepted as readily as gold certificates.

She noted, also, the quick appraising approval with which the receiving teller had glanced at her father as he saw the amount and signature. Carmella had long suspected that money bought approval in this world of hers.

Dixon drove them back to Cedar Street. On the way, Carmella asked Tommaso how much he had paid for the land.

"Five hundred for option and first payment," he replied.

"Yes, but in all," she insisted.

"Five hundred more. One thousand in all."

"Golly!" exclaimed Carmella. "Then you made seven thousand dollars on this deal?"

"Yes!"

As they left the car, in front of the yellow cottage, Carmella turned to Dixon. "Thank you, Mr. Dixon, for telling me about the check and for taking us to the bank and for bringing us home."

"Madam's orders," he said, grinning.

"Goodbye, Mr. Dixon!" And Carmella turned to run into the house with her father.

Carmella noticed he said nothing to Maria about the morning's work. She wondered if he never reported his business successes to her mother and if she ever praised his accomplishments.

Just before the family sat down to a late dinner of meat balls, he handed Carmella a ten-dollar bill, without saying why. It was the largest sum he had ever given her, for her own. There was no chance to do more than whisper her "Thank you," but she beamed at him across the table, so that he understood.

After dinner she went to the sitting room table, which was the family desk, and wrote the following note:

Miss Kelly, teacher—

Please excuse Carmella for not going to school today. I used her to interpret.

"Come here and sign this, Dad!" she called. Tommaso looked at the message and asked Carmella to read it in his own tongue.

"It's just an excuse for not being in school this morning," she explained, and translated it literally. "You have to sign it, you know." Laboriously Tommaso signed his name and handed the note to her.

It was natural for Carmella to ask her father to sign the note. He was the one who had kept her out of school. Yet, curiously, this was the first time that she had not had her mother furnish the excuse. Now she felt that her position with the Coletta Construction Company required her father's signature at school.

Rich beyond experience with her ten-dollar bill, Carmella was folding her written excuse for absence and preparing to hurry to the afternoon session of school, when a whistle sounded outside. It was the code that she and Nicole Pieri had arranged, and she jumped to the door. Nicole stood in her gateway. "Hello, Kid!" he said gruffly. "Dated up with any of your flossy friends for this afternoon?"

"Got to go to school," she said. "I was out this morning, interpreting for Dad."

"School!" said Nicole, contemptuously. "That's for when you ain't got any other place to go. Listen, Kid! I got two dollars to spend. Let's do the movies, and a soda. How about it?"

Carmella finds next month that her decision about Nicole and the movies involves a good deal more than she suspected—and then she suddenly has to drop childish things and come to the rescue of her father and the Coletta Construction Company.

Golden Biscuits—Piping Hot!

(Continued from page 29)

sheet. Put the other half on top of these, making two storied biscuits. Bake and take apart, putting the filling on the lower half. Top with the other, add more filling and finish with whipped cream.

Peach Shortcake

Cut up peaches, sprinkle with sufficient sugar to sweeten, add as directed above and serve with cream, plain or whipped. Canned peaches may be used instead of fresh peaches. Strawberries

and other fresh fruits or diced, canned fruits also make excellent shortcakes.

Prune Shortcake

Soak two cups of prunes over night with two or three pieces of orange or lemon peel. Cook in the same water until tender. Add one-fourth cup of sugar, and the grated rind of half a lemon and simmer about ten minutes longer. Cool and remove the seeds from the prunes to the sirup. Make shortcakes as described above. Add the prunes and

Are you thinking of your summer wardrobe?—

serve with cream, plain or whipped.

There are any number of different shortcakes that you can make, depending on the fruits that are in season and the tastes of the family. Popular shortcakes, such as cherry, pineapple, and strawberry shortcakes can be made just as easily as the ones described above. Try them and test your ingenuity in finding new recipes based on the ones given here. If you find any that are outstandingly good, pass them on to your friends and let us know about them, too.

Meat Shortcakes

For meat shortcakes, make the shortcakes as described above and serve with the following filling:

1 tablespoon fat	1 tablespoon green or
1½ cups diced cooked	red pepper
meat	¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup minced celery	½ teaspoon mustard
1 minced onion (may	¼ teaspoon pepper
be omitted)	1 cup meat stock

Melt the fat. Brown the meat, celery and onions a little. Add the other ingredients and simmer for twenty minutes. Cream together a tablespoon of fat and one of flour. Dilute to a paste and add to the filling. Cook, shaking the pot until the mixture thickens.

For oyster short cakes, use creamed oysters and garnish with strips of bacon. Welsh rarebit, too, may be served with shortcakes and garnished with bacon.

Roulettes

For a roulette, the biscuit or shortcake dough is spread with a filling, rolled and then cut in slices.

For Cheese Roulettes, roll out the dough to a third of an inch in thickness. Brush with melted fat. Spread with grated cheese. Sprinkle with salt, paprika, a dash of cayenne. Roll. Cut in slices, three-fourths of an inch in thickness and put on a baking sheet. Brush with melted butter and cook in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

For Devilled Ham Roulettes, substitute a spread of ham or highly seasoned cooked meat, such as liver or anchovy paste.

For Marmalade Roulettes, spread the dough with marmalade or jam.

For Peanut Butter Roulettes, use peanut butter well seasoned with salt.

For Fruit Roulettes, use a mixture of chopped, dried fruits, flavored with lemon juice and grated peel.

All these roulettes are excellent for outdoor eating. They may be made the day before you start on your hike or picnic and wrapped in oil paper as soon as they are cool. When you are ready to eat them you may reheat them by placing them on racks in front of your campfire or eat them cold, if you prefer.

Scones

For scones, bake the dough on a well-greased griddle for twenty minutes, turning when half cooked, so that they will be done on both sides.

For Potato Scones, cut in one cup of mashed potatoes with the shortening. Proceed as for biscuits and bake on the griddle. I am sure you will like them.

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HERE is an outdoor girl's best defense against darkness and danger. A powerful flashlight that drives night back 200 feet when you touch the switch. This is an extra-special model and it is the official Girl Scout Flashlight, Eveready No. 2698, approved and endorsed by Scout headquarters and marked, as you see, with the official insignia.

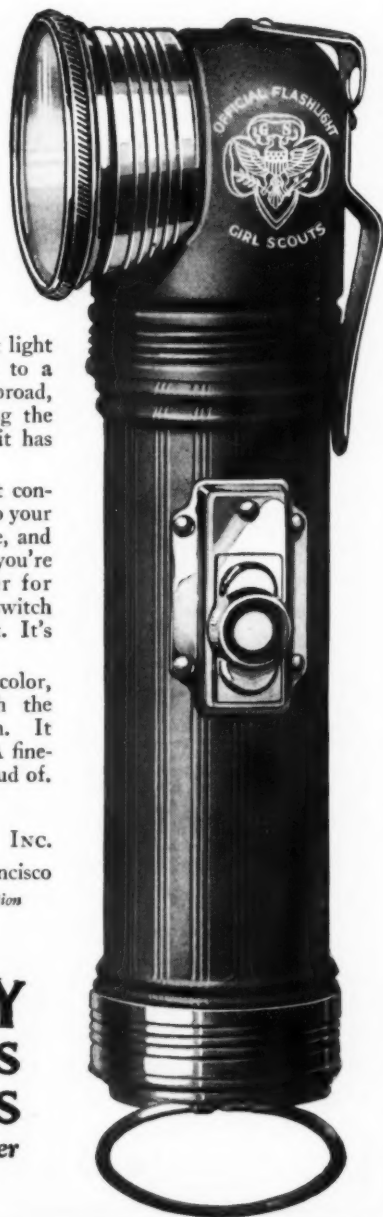
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Hazel Rawson Cades has some ideas for you in June

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LIPPINCOTT

Adventure Books for Porch Reading



By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

MANY believe themselves called to write boarding school stories, but so few show signs of having been chosen that I take pride in pointing out *Midge*, by Mary Frances Shuford (Appleton), in several of whose chapters you will find stories that have appeared in this magazine. It is not the best boarding school story written, nor, I am convinced, the best that this author could write, but it is alive and funny and bouncing, and it kept me reading along with so many chuckles, that I know girls of Midge's age would consider it a find. The school is in Georgia—apparently Oakdale Seminary is Shorter College, Rome, Georgia—and if all the adventures go on at this and similar institutions that are packed into these joyous pages, I do not see how the girls manage to do even the reasonable amount of studying that the authorities seem to require. Toward study, the girls who tell the story have the attitude of many healthy and high-spirited young people—a little of it goes a long way. One of the most amusing chapters is that in which Midge, whose idea of a mark that does not interfere with things that really matter is about eighty-six, is led to make the effort to become "Big Minnie", as the girl is called who leads the school in scholarship (a title shortened from Minerva). This school has plenty of traditions, mild hazing is not unknown, and beaux belong in its scheme of things, all in a cheerful spirit; the girls even try an experiment in budgeted housekeeping, and there is every reason to believe on the last page that the heroine is meditating matrimony.

Many chapters of this story appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* a year or more ago.

Good mystery stories are always expected from Augusta Huiell Seaman, and the one for this season, *The Disappearance of Anne Shaw* (Doubleday, Doran) is very good. If this sounds a flat sort of thing to say, the trouble with saying anything about a mystery story is that if you tell anything important it spoils the story for the reader. Let it go, then, with the information that the disappearing Anne

is not the young girl on the cover or in the frontispiece, but an old lady living alone in a shack on the Jersey coast; the young girl is Mercedes Hayes, who comes with her brother to spend the summer near Barnegat, on the day that the old lady vanishes. Now you see why I cannot go on; the young people in the story do not find out the secret until the last chapter any more than you do.

Travel books continue to pile up on my table; it looks as if everyone had decided to take the children along the next time they went to Europe. Well, if they do there will be books enough to read beforehand. For the 'teens one of the best I have seen is Anne Merriman Peck's *Storybook Europe* (Harper), a sort of advance-agent for going abroad. The author is determined to leave nothing undone to make your trip delightful. In a pleasant conversational fashion she describes travel in Italy, in France and in England, how you would go and what you would see, and especially how you will be likely to enjoy it. You could plan a tour by it, or use it just for entertainment in itself, on the porch at home. I have been over a good deal of the ground that this book covers, and it is so dependable for this that the rest makes me want to visit the places where I have not been.

Strange Corners of the World, by J. E. Wetherell (Nelson), is for less conventional travel; you are not likely to see Albania with your own young eyes, or Quito, or Trinidad, unless your family goes pretty far for its vacations. Do you know what is "the sea without a fish?" Oh, you do? Then what is "the valley of ten thousand smokes?" The Pilgrimage City? And what island could you truly call "a land of frost and fire?" And where could you find cannibals still functioning? These matters and others are settled in short, comfortable chapters, with plenty of pictures in black and white. This and *Storybook Europe* could be used to help out the geography lesson, though I hardly-like to say so because it sounds as if they were school books, and they really are not. They are, however, accurate as well as interesting, and geog-

A brave girl is threatened with kidnaping if she dares tell the secret—

raphy classes are all the better for supplementary reading that is done outside.

Speaking of this, the history class has several supplements this month, the prettiest being a *Story History of England*, by Elizabeth O'Neill (Nelson), with any number of brightly colored pictures, two to a page, an explanatory text on the opposite side, and a little line-drawing added to the text for good measure. If I were at the age for which this book was written, I would color those little pictures; the paper is just right for it. I suppose this age is rather young, for the narrative is very plain and clear, but in the first week that the book was in my possession it was read through by two Americans, one my own age and the other eighty-three, with such satisfaction that I do not apologize for presenting it to you. The incidents pictured are strung together in chronological order, so as to make a history of England in words and pictures. Another such book, for somewhat older readers, is *Stories of British History*, by Rowland Walker Black (Macmillan); the stories are longer and were first used in broadcasting, where they were so popular that they were made into a book with excellent color pictures by various artists.

The White Wallet, edited by Pamela Grey (Dutton), reminds me of the blank-book I kept as a girl, into which I copied all the bits of prose and verse that seemed to me especially lovely. The editor of this anthology, wife of the famous statesman, Grey of Falloden, some years ago collected the wise and poetic things her four children had said in a book called *The Sayings of the Children* (Stokes), the best of such books that I have seen; one of the "children", Stephen Tennant, has made the decorations for this pretty book. I am glad he made them so lovingly, for it was scarcely published when the editor suddenly died. Here are the poems and passages of prose that have pleased and inspired the mother and the children, and that they have wished to pass on to others for inspiration. It may be a couplet, like George Herbert's:

Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking.
Quit thy state.
All equal are within the Church's gate.

or a short story like the one from R. L. Stevenson, or a poem from some familiar or unfamiliar author, generally the latter, or Leonardo da Vinci's rule for "rousing the genius to various inventions", or a joke, or a fable like this by T. W. H. Crosland:

"Ah, how I wish that I were white!"
sighed the red rose.

"That is very singular," said the nightingale, "for just now the white rose told me that she would give a whole June dawn if she might be red."

"Quite so," answered the red rose.
"But then, you see, she is white!"

You may even find a bit of French or German poetry here and there; try your teeth on it and see if you can nibble off a meaning. Of course, if you are studying French or German, you will, anyway—at least I hope so.

The finest handwork book this month, and one of the most complete and clear that I have seen for a long while, is *The* (Continued on page 55)

They said she'd be left back



...but June
found Marjorie
leading the class!

MARJORIE just wouldn't give up her good times. Between a date and an evening of study, the date always won out.

Marjorie wasn't stupid by any means, but she just didn't have time to study. The other girls all said that she'd be left back. But when June came around Marjorie was leading the class. "How did she do it?" they all said, "She's always going out and never studies".

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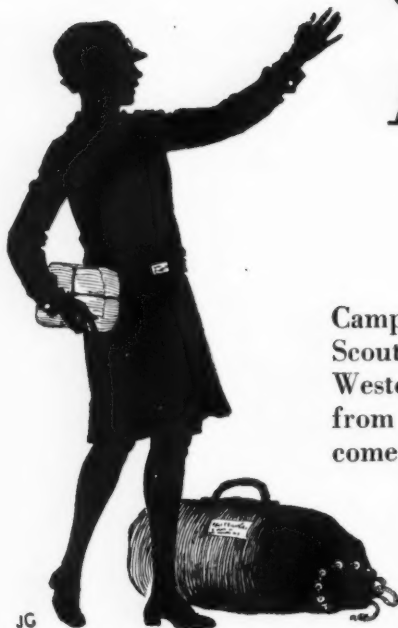
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Read this breath-taking story by Ruby Lorraine Radford in the June issue



JG

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Let's Dance and Sing For It Is May Again!

(Continued from page 33)

The girls who worked so hard on the pageant thoroughly enjoyed it all.

An authentic Tarantella

May dances to Queens

Grace Bernsen writes to tell us of an interesting pageant given by the girls of Queens, one of the boroughs that make up Greater New York, which brought all of their Girl Scouts together last spring. A feature of the occasion was the Tarantella, danced by a group of girls who had learned it from their mothers who, in turn, had learned it as young girls in Italy. Grace writes:

"Spring being just around the corner reminds me of when the Girl Scouts of Queens met for a gala event, their annual Spring Pageant. There were many features, all dealing with the various countries and their ways of playing. There were Roman soldiers, Greek games, folk dances, and songs of England, Holland and Italy. There was a bright chorus of girls who connected these groups with their singing. There was a loud-voiced town crier, who announced the numbers. The 'Spirit of Play' herself was there. Tiny Brownies played as only Brownies can, and throughout the entire pageant there were colorful costumes. It truly represented the Girl Scout 'Spirit of Play'."



The Juliette Low Essay Contest

Do you want to win an award of \$20, \$10 or \$5? If you write an essay of between five hundred and a thousand words in length on "Why I should like to have known Juliette Low," you may do just that.

The contest is open to two groups—one composed of girls over eighteen years of age, and another of girls under eighteen. The essay winning first place in group one will be published in *The Girl Scout Leader*, and the prize essay in group two will appear in a fall issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

The judges are: Mrs. Arthur Osgood Choate, Mrs. Frederick Edey, Mrs. Julius Barnes, Mrs. Louis Burlingham and Mrs. Eleanor Wayne MacPherson.

If you are interested in entering this contest, you will find the best material on Mrs. Low's life in her recently published biography, called *Juliette Low and the Girl Scouts*. Articles about her have also appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

All entries should be addressed to The Juliette Low Prize Essay Contest, Girl Scouts, Incorporated, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The contest closes at midnight of August thirty-first, 1929.

If you don't go to a large college or a small one for girls—

The Light over El Gigante

(Continued from page 24)

"Done!" Jim agreed, and went about explaining how they were to hold the cables until he was below and could change them. Then he disappeared.

From the depths of the shaft, he called up his endless directions. At last the cables were secured to his satisfaction and he told the girls to come around to the entrance if they still wanted to go through the workings.

Jane's heart was beating so fast she could hardly breathe. What would they discover? Was Jim in league with Juarez? Did the conspirators know that the two girls suspected foul play? Would they be blown up or abducted if they went below? Jane's imagination began to run away with her and she found herself picturing horrors of every conceivable description.

But although they had been from one end of the mine to the other, they had found absolutely nothing unusual. Nothing looked suspicious. Nothing had happened to them. If Jim Hunter were in league with Juarez, as Jane was inclined to suspect, he had acted most natural, and had not prevented them from going anywhere their fancy dictated. It was the greatest disappointment Jane could imagine. She had counted so thoroughly on finding some clue which would help her solve the mystery of the *relación*. Now it was evening and they awaited the darkness to see if the mysterious light would make its appearance. Sue doubted it. Jane's belief, however, had not wavered. She knew she had seen that uncanny glow—and she feared it.

One thing the girls could not explain. When they had returned from the mine the hard lump which had looked like a wasp's nest was gone. It had vanished into air, along with the cords which had tied it to the trees. There were no small boys on whom the blame might be fixed for the incident. It had simply vanished.

Now Jane was praying that the *relación* would appear. Darkness came at last, and the girls stole around to the side of the house, and to the spot Jane had carefully marked with stones to indicate where she had been able to see that glimmer of light. Their eyes strained into the blackness.

And they saw nothing. Jane could not believe it. She looked again and again, but if she had ever seen a *relación*, it was not there tonight. She was near tears.

Back to the gallery again. Sue proposed bed—but Jane was not willing to admit that she had been mistaken. She begged Sue to stay just a half hour longer. They were quite alone, as Mr. Andrews and Jim Hunter had driven in to Guanajuato directly after *comida* for a conference, and would not be

back until late, and Mr. Barker, the chief engineer, was reading. They had been left with Luis, who had been her father's servant for some twenty years and, ever since she could remember, he had acted as bodyguard for her and Natalie.

"One last look, Sue," Jane begged, "and then if it's still not there, we'll go to bed."

Back to the little rock heap once more. Sue's gasp of astonishment and the terror stricken exclamation which escaped Luis told Jane that she had been vindicated. The *relación* had appeared. All had seen it.

Now what to do? Sue and Jane held rapid counsel.

"There's something happening up at *El Gigante*. I

feel it in my bones," Jane insisted. "That *relación* is there for a purpose—to keep the natives away, and whoever is at the mine is doing something wrong."

"Let's wait up until your father comes home and tell him," Sue suggested. "Now that three of us have seen that spooky light, he'll believe us."

"Yes, wait, and let the murderers get away. How do we know but that tonight they've set a bomb under this house which will go off as soon as Daddy returns."

"Well—you don't want to go up there alone, do you?" Sue demanded, incredulously.

"Yes, I do," Jane said seriously. "We'll take Luis and see if we can't catch them red-handed. Luis is as strong as any two men, and if it comes to the worst, I can throw a *riata*—and that's a perfectly good weapon."

"I think we ought to tell Mr. Barker," Sue suggested, with caution.

"Don't be such a 'fraid cat, Sue—you might as well go upstairs to bed. You know Mr. Barker would never in the world let us go—and he'd never go himself—he's an old goose. Sue, if they're planning on doing something to Daddy, I want to know what it is. Please, Sue, please! We can't wait forever, here."

"All right," Sue assented. "If Luis goes with his knife, I'll go. I reckon we'll crawl out of it some way." She giggled almost hysterically. "Look at Luis; he's simply petrified."

Persuading superstitious Luis that he should venture into land guarded by the evil spirits was no easy task. At last, when persuasion failed, Jane said easily. "Buena! Luis. We go alone—and when *El Señor* returns, he will punish you for having failed to go with me."

Luis bowed his head—he did not know which was worse—the uncertain vengeance of the evil ones or the sure wrath of *El Señor*. He thought he preferred the former of the two evils.

(Continued on page 54)



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Laze a little
Dream a little....*

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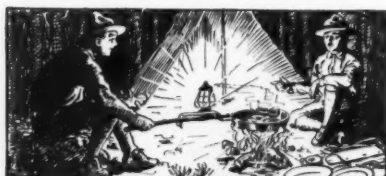
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The Light over El Gigante

(Continued from page 53)

Preparations were simple. Anticipating the damp and cold should they enter into the mine, both girls slipped into sweaters, and in their dark dresses they were indistinguishable in the dark. Jane stole into Jim Hunter's room, and without conscience, borrowed his two flashlights. Then, almost afraid to take a long breath lest Mr. Barker should hear them and forbid the expedition, they crept down the flight of rear stairs, through the kitchen and out to the side of the house where Luis was awaiting them, two *riatas* hung over his arm. In the dim light from the lamps in the library, his seamed old face looked ghastly. It took no seer to see that this opposition to evil spirits was not to his liking.

Jane led the way, straight towards the *relación*. It grew brighter and larger as they approached. Everywhere was deep silence, but for the soft sound of their own footsteps. Sue put a restraining hand on Jane's arm, and they stopped to listen. So intense was the stillness that it seemed to be closing in around them. There, just ahead, stood the two trees and the *relación* burned brighter than ever. Jane would almost have sworn to a thinnish mist which hung over the party and even Sue felt prickly under her scalp and across the back of her neck.

Suddenly Jane's reason came to her aid. "Sue, look!" she gasped. "That *relación* is only our wasp's nest. See how it's hung between the trees just as it was this morning?" Sue looked. She didn't understand it, but Jane must be right after all. This was only a trick, and they were evidently on the trail of a plot against Mr. Andrews. Her loyalty flamed up as the fear of the unknown died down. "Come on, Jane," she urged. "Let's hurry to the mine."

Cautiously and very slowly they approached the entrance to the workings. There were no figures lurking about—Jane thanked Providence for that—nor were there any hiding places. All seemed as it should be. They listened—there were no sounds nor signs of life.

With eyes now well accustomed to the darkness, Sue discovered as they came to the mine that the barricade, which she had seen Jim Hunter place in front of the opening before they had left that morning, was down. "There is some one inside," she whispered.

Jane switched off her flashlight. "We'll have to go it pretty dark, I'm afraid," she suggested. "This flashlight I have clicks when it goes off. Yours doesn't, so we had better use that one. I know the way better than you do, anyway. Hug tight to the side of the drift, and stop dead still if you hear anything."

Then she stepped inside the damp, cold tunnel. Sue followed, stepping carefully after her. How—how different it was now at night from what it had been a few hours earlier. Black, cavernous recesses yawned at intervals on either

side of them. Their steps, to ears strained to catch any sound of danger, seemed to reverberate through the entire tunnel level. Behind them they felt rather than heard the cat-like tread of Luis. The air was cold and damp and full of unnameable terrors. Jane found herself hugging the wall for fear an unseen hand would reach out and seize her from the shielding darkness.

Suddenly, she stiffened. Voices! She peered anxiously ahead and there in an arc of light shed by a lantern, were four Mexicans laying down heavy raw-hide sacks, which were filled to capacity with ore. Piled high around them, in the shadows, were fully a hundred other similar sacks.

Some one touched her, and she almost screamed. It was Luis—a very different Luis. He feared no living flesh and blood save his master; evil spirits were another story altogether.

"Robbers, *señorita*," he whispered angrily. He slipped his sharp knife from his belt. "It is Lopez, a bad workman whom *El Señor* Hunter discharged."

"No, Luis, no!" Jane said sternly. "There are probably many of them. We must be cautious and think carefully before we do anything."

But she was not to be allowed time for thought, for the heaviest of the four men—the one Luis had indicated as Lopez—had announced his intention of leaving. He spoke in rapid Spanish.

"José should be here by this time with the team. We must get out another load tonight. I go above."

It was too late to flee. They were trapped, for the man had started towards them almost before he finished speaking. Would he bring a lantern? If so, they were surely discovered. Both girls flattened themselves against the wall and drew in their breaths.

Luis crouched low ready to strike if Lopez should make a move against them. Each step brought him nearer. It seemed to Jane as though she should faint with the strain of holding her breath. She was suffocating with heat, and her fingers were icy.

And then—no lantern—and he was past, his footsteps dying away in the distance. The other three men took up their lanterns and departed into the drift from whence they had first come. It was almost a miracle.

Simultaneously, came Jane's idea.

"I think I know how we can get them all," she whispered to her companions, when she could control her breath again. "There seem to be but four of them and the man who is coming to haul their loot away. I think Luis could easily get those two outside with his *riatas* and tie them up. Once they are out of the way, I think we could trick these three down here some way. They're probably rather stupid—Lopez seems to be the brains of the bunch."

"Could we put up the barricade at the entrance and coop them up?" Sue asked eagerly, her voice trembling.

(Continued on page 56)

Her red hair was the target for many taunts from her neighbors—

Adventure Books for Porch Reading

(Continued from page 51)

Art and Craft of Leatherwork, by C. Francis Lewis (Lippincott). This is a large and beautifully illustrated book; every process, every tool, every detail is carefully pictured and the accompanying explanations take nothing for granted. From the selection of the skin to the completion of some of the most advanced types of artistic leathercraft, the ground is covered in this painstaking manner. If you have thought of leatherwork only as Gibson girls burned into buckskin with a poker, just you look at some of these specimens of an ancient craft, as it is practiced by artists today. In this craft, beauty, simplicity and nobility of design count for even more than they do in work with other materials, for what is made in leather not only takes such time to make but lasts such a tremendous time when it is made that nothing trivial or unworthy should be subjected to such a test; I am glad to see that in this book nothing is, and that the designs are worthy of the care to be taken in their execution. Some of the modern ones are from the studio of L'Artisan Pratique in Paris, where this author first studied.

If I put *Your Eyes and Their Care*, by Edgar S. Thomson, M. D. (Appleton), away at the end of the report, like this, it is not because I do not think it is important, but because it is a book not so much for girls as for the teachers and camp leaders who, I know, read this column in search of books. The method of arrangement of this little book—which does not pretend to take the place of an eye specialist, but does help a person old or young to take care of his eyes—is to arrange its information in the three "eye-levels" of childhood, adult life and old age, so that its advice is easy to reach. The eye troubles of the 'teens have special treatment in this book.

As everyone is looking for new ideas on entertainments, here is one so old that it is practically new. For the better part of a life time, an enterprise known as *Aunt Polly Bassett's Singin' Skewl* made its way around the country, under the auspices of one family, who brought along the costumes, trained the local talent to form a chorus and provided the more necessary parts in the play. Then, in time, the *Singin' Skewl* retired from the field, and now it appears in printed form (French) and for a small royalty may be given by anyone. There are ten speaking parts, and any number of singing ones, so that the chorus may be large or small, according to the material on which to draw. The songs are of the "old fashioned" type, most of them funny. The dialogue is mainly horse play, but genuinely American, and though the costumes may be rented complete at an address given, the entertainment would give a community an excuse to dig up old garments. A romantic play for children, large and small, has been made by Ethel Hale Freeman out of Johanna Spyri's famous story for children, *Heidi*, and is published by Samuel French.

A MESSAGE TO CAMPERERS

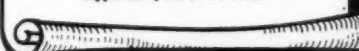
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The Light over El Gigante

(Continued from page 54)

"Too many ways of getting out," Jane argued the suggestion down. "The *señorita* suggested a trick," said Luis. "If they have attached their mules to the *malacate*, and if we could persuade them to get into the bags, they would be easy to truss up like fowls."

The girls agreed that Luis was right. Stealing along the cool tunnel this time was not terrifying—there were no unseen hands waiting to clutch one. But at the door they hesitated. To throw the *riata* was simple enough, but how to get both men at the same time so that there could be no assistance and no outcry? Jane would, of necessity, have to throw one.

The two men, Lopez and the one he had referred to as José, were standing near the top of the shaft waiting for the men below to come back so that they could begin hoisting the ore. Creeping to the crest of the hill, the conspirators gauged their aim carefully. Timed to the second, two ropes curled in the air and dropped over the two unsuspecting heads. Luis pulled his *riata* taut, Sue and Jane imitated on the second, jerking the two men to the ground, their arms tight against their sides. And before Lopez and his frightened companion knew what had happened, they were being dragged at a rapid pace down the hill. In what seemed to Jane and Sue an incredibly short time, and with almost no effort, Luis had stuffed handkerchief gags into the mouths of his prisoners and had tied them securely at the foot of the trees over which burned the *relación*. That a knife point stuck close to the ribs of the men had been an invaluable aid, had not occurred to either Jane or Sue—they were content to marvel at Luis' strength.

Then for the three men in the mine. "Barricade the opening and have Luis tell them to hurry quick, that they have been discovered and pull them up one at a time with the *malacate*," Sue suggested. "And tie them up as they come."

"Buena."

In a voice husky with feigned fear, Luis called to the men below, and told them that they had been discovered. So terrified were his victims that they didn't even notice the difference in voices; they were concentrating solely on doing his bidding, so as to reach safety. Only a minute of waiting, and the first man was on his way up in his bag, pulled by the windlass, to which the mules had been obligingly attached by Lopez for quite another purpose. Luis was strong and silent, and with rough twists of the rope which had served as reins to the cart destined to carry the ore away, he had trussed up two of the men.

Only one more now. From her post of mule driver, Jane took command again.

"You'll have to dash to the house, Sue. I can manage alone now, I think. Make Mr. Barker come and try and

find someone else. Luis can't keep all these men still—some of them might get away, or get at their knives. Ring the fire siren if you can't find anything better as an alarm."

Jane was beginning to feel a little weak. The strain on her nerves of the night's adventure was now having its effect. She was beginning to wonder how much longer her strength and spirit would hold out. But the thought of having the men get away, after all their labors, put new strength into her, although she admitted to herself that she would hate to have any of Lopez' companions appear.

Sue ran off, her flashlight making a wobbling path across the uneven ground.

Ten minutes later, she was back, not only with Mr. Barker, but with Mr. Andrews and Jim Hunter, who had turned in at the driveway as she had arrived, panting. They found Jane and Luis seated on the ground playing with the luminous ball of fire and surrounded by five tightly bound Mexicans.

"This is what I mistook for a wasp's nest this morning," Jane said, dabbing it with an inquisitive finger. "It probably was taken away to have more of this phosphorescent stuff put on it. The natives call it a *relación*." As the three men became aware of the prisoners, Jane went on, "These are the gentlemen who discovered a bonanza in *El Gigante* and tried to elope with it."

The three men were speechless, and Luis was radiantly happy and proud. Sue and Jane giggled. Their adventure had ended in such a happy way for them, and now as they looked back on the perilous hours in the mine they could hardly believe it all.

Back in the library with the thieves under lock and key the story in all its three versions had to be retold.

"And you went headlong into that mess because you thought I was in danger?" Mr. Andrews asked, incredulously, when he had heard the full tale.

Jane nodded.

"And you're the child who is supposed to have such a bad heart that she can't stand the strain of going East? What nerve for two young girls."

"Don't forget Luis, Daddy."

"I'm not forgetting Luis," Mr. Andrews said, smiling. "Not when he helped save a bonanza for me. Luis has always been faithful, and his good work on this occasion shall have its special reward. But what would you like for a reward? To go to Washington?" her father asked.

Jane was speechless with the joy of the thought.

"With Sue?" he added. And then, as Jane catapulted herself into his lap, he said to Jim Hunter:

"Call Tom Carthwright on the phone the first thing in the morning and tell him I'm on the way to see him. And get passage for three on the first boat which leaves Vera Cruz, will you please?"

Jane decided that after all, *relaciones* didn't bring bad luck.

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J-383. Sou'wester hat of same material as coat.

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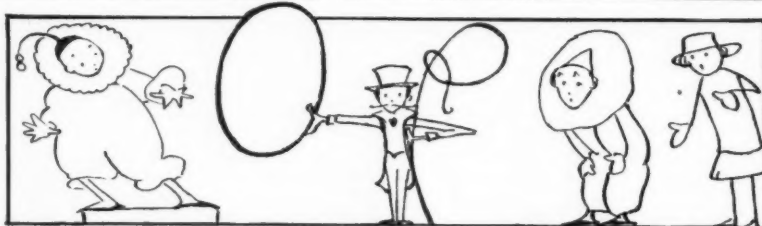
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Laugh and Grow Scout



Quick Work

A boastful Texan, visiting Washington, D. C., was being shown the sights. While looking at a new building, the guide said it had been built in three months. "Pooh," he replied, "we built one that big in sixty days." Another building completed in sixty days brought the remark, "Dallas could do that in about six weeks."

Finally they came to the Washington Monument, and the Texan exclaimed, "Whew, what's that thing?" "Darned if I know," answered the guide, "it wasn't there yesterday!"—Sent by JANE JOHANTGEN, Los Angeles, California.

Her Point of View

A little country girl went shopping in the city with her mother and had her first experience in an elevator.

"How did you like it?" asked the father on her return.

"Why it's so funny, Daddy," said the little girl. "We went into a little house and the upstairs came down."—Sent by ROSE BIRD, Sioux City, Iowa.



She Deserved It!

Out of curiosity, a farmer had grown a crop of flax and had a tablecloth made of linen. Some time later he remarked to a visitor at dinner:

"I grew this tablecloth myself."
"Did you, really?" she exclaimed.
"However did you manage it?"

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

The Right Answer

A man rushed down the platform just as a train was pulling out. He frantically waved one of his twenty-five pound grips in his effort to induce the brakeman to signal to the engineer to slow down. He ran a hundred yards, only to give up the race.

A sympathetic bystander questioned him, "Were you trying to catch the train?"

"Oh, no," said the man sarcastically, "I was just chasing it out of the yard."
—Sent by RUTH STOUTE, Piqua, Ohio.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

It was plain she had no idea of how tablecloths came into being, so the farmer lowered his voice mysteriously as he replied:

"If you promise not to give the secret away, I'll tell you."

The guest promised.

"Well," proceeded the farmer, "I planted a napkin."—Sent by EVELYN CREWS, Amarillo, Texas.

Where?

PROFESSOR: Frankly, Madam, your son lacks brains.

MRS. NEWRICH: Get them for him immediately, and send me the bill.

Nothing shall stand in the way of my Johnny's education.—Sent by RUTH PRATT, Trenton, New Jersey.

Not

All

Night!



A comedian was rehearsing his part in a play, the author of which was present.

"My dear boy," said the author, "be good enough to speak my lines and wait for the laugh."

"All right," said the comedian, sorrowfully, "but my last train leaves at midnight."—Sent by GERDA RERBOLO, Hyncote, Pennsylvania.

No Stone Unturned

Farmer Cornassel had just retired and moved to Louisville. In the morning, after spending the first night in the new home his wife said, "Well, Paw, hain't it about time you was gettin' up to build the fire?"

"No, siree," replied the old gentleman. "I'll call the fire department. We might as well get used to these city conveniences right now."—Sent by CAROL SINGER, Louisville, Kentucky.

Our summer issues have the very stories and articles you will want to read in camp—

"That Terrible Practicing!"

(Continued from page 19)

Once you can read your notes and make your fingers move easily and comfortably among the keys, you can play the simple songs and dances you prefer, even sooner than your ambitious neighbor can master her Chopin waltzes or Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*. All you need is patience and industry. Fingers are like little pet animals. When you train them, you have to show them over and over what to do. That's the job for your directing brain. Learning is a question of time and intelligence, not one of talent.

Maybe when you have learned enough to play the songs and dances you enjoyed hearing at the movies or over the radio, you will begin to hear things in the classical victrola records that you never suspected of being there. Little tunes, half-hidden in the thick fabric of tone made by the orchestra, will begin to show themselves. You'll recognize each one when it reappears. You'll begin to remember it. You may even be able to hum it. Presently you will notice that it comes each time in a different "color," as it were—once in the violin-color, you'll hear that most easily. Again it may be in a reed-like quality of sound that this little tune or theme is presented. That is a flute or perhaps a clarinet. And there goes the trumpet!

It is fun hearing a musical theme weave in and out of an orchestral composition. You pursue it as you would a brilliant bird hopping among the thick branches while you focus your bird-glasses. This "high-brow" music begins to mean something to you. Now perhaps you would like to play a piano piece written by the same composer and see if there, too, are little themes to be pursued, first in the treble, then in the bass, now gay, now sad, as they change from major to minor. You might like, too, to learn something about the man who wrote the music, and how he came to compose it. There are many interesting stories connected with music and musicians, and you can find them in many different books. Ask your music teacher to give you a list of them, or go to the public library and get them from the shelves yourself. The librarian will be glad to help you. And some of the things you will read will be as interesting as stories.

This is somewhat the way to go about making music the delight it can be. If you can play, you can get more out of listening; if you listen, you can get more out of playing. Each one feeds the other. And besides, you are learning all about what you *really* like and your reasons for liking it.

That makes it a part of your personal life and experience, not something parroted from others. You don't have to take the word of anyone. You know for yourself what music means to you. And if you aren't paid for your trouble by another great source of enjoyment in life, I miss my guess.

CRAYOLA

Summer Plans

1929 MAY 1929

TUE WED THU FRI SAT

	1	2	3	4	5
5	6	7	8	9	10
12	13	14	15	16	17
19	20	21	22	23	24
26	27	28	29	30	31



1929 JULY 1929

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



WHEN May comes, and there's only June between us and camp . . . we just can't wait to pack up and go . . . to plan the summer.

"Now this summer," we say, "we are really going to win our Craftsman, and Wild Flower Finder, and Tree Finder, and Bird Finder Badges . . ." and so on we plan. What fun!

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pictures, too. We want them for the magazine.

A New Day for Ruth

(Continued from page 26)

flashing eyes, and his smile which, at first, before he knew English, had had to say everything for him.

Tony was always like that, leaping forward as if he were on fire, to do something that they had always done all their lives, and didn't think anything about. And now here was Tony all atremble at the thought of bringing flowers for Decoration Day.

Ruth was bored. She knew she and Margie would have to pick lilies-of-the-valley and pansies half the evening. Mother would see to that. And then that awful parade and the old men talking forever!

Miss Stevens went down the rows taking the names of those who would bring flowers. It took a good while to get to Tony, but there he sat, eager as ever. Ruth wondered why. Nobody knew much about Tony, only that he lived in an old house near the station and that his father worked on the track.

Miss Stevens finished her list. "You are to have the flowers at Young's Hall at ten o'clock, and some of the girls will be detailed to arrange them." Ruth felt in her bones that she would have to help with the arranging—oh, gloom! Miss Stevens rang the bell. "And, young people!" she called after them as they filed out, "you understand, of course, that you are expected to be present throughout the exercises."

That was another thing that knocked the fun out of it, Ruth thought. Did you ever want to do anything that you had to do?

After school, Ruth and Margie got Dolly out of the barn. As Ruth had expected, curious, staring idlers lounged about the hotel. But Grandpa wasn't there. He'd gone to the graveyard, the proprietor guessed, standing in the pool room door and smiling too broadly. They trundled back to the church and Ruth sent Margie in for Grandpa.

Minutes passed. The last of the school children hurried by, then some of the teachers. The sexton unlocked the church, went in and came out again. The way freight whistled for the crossing, and Ruth heard it go rumbling on down the valley. Why on earth didn't Margie and Grandpa come? At last she tied Dolly and went through the gate and around the corner of the building. There was Margie almost out of sight, picking moss pinks from a great patch of them that looked like a gay quilt flung on the ground at the back of the yard where the graves were few. Ruth dropped down to the ground among the flowers for a minute. She was so hot, and it was cooler here.

"Where's Grandpa?" she asked. And Margie pointed to where he sat near a low headstone. He had pulled a few weeds from the path. Ruth could see the loosened earth where he had jerked them out. But now his hands lay limp upon his knees.

"Hello, Ruthie." He made no motion to get up. "I thought you'd be along pretty soon, so I watched for you."

"Didn't Margie tell you to—" Ruth

A thrilling story by one of your favorite authors comes in June—

started indignantly, then, remembering her mother's head shake, she softened her voice, "tell you we were ready?"

"Yes, yes, she told me." Grandpa looked around. "Nice here, isn't it?"

"Nice in a graveyard!"

"Yes," Grandpa went on, "most all my friends are here, Ruthie, and lots of my kin, more of us Berringers than there are above ground." He began to point, Ruth half heeding. "There's my Katy Ann." Grandpa's voice always shook when he said Katy Ann, and Ruth had a vision of Grandma Katy Ann for a minute, a vision so faint and thin that the sun seemed to shine through it.

"And my mother, and my father," Grandpa pointed to the low stones. "And that's your great-great-grandfather, Daniel Berringer. He fought in the War of 1812. And his father, William. He fought in the Revolution. All here," he waved his cane. "All around. Nice here," Grandpa said, "nice to come here Decoration Day and think about 'em. Easy to forget. I hope when I'm gone you'll come here, Ruthie, and think of me and Katy Ann."

Ruth felt a little choky, and yet a little provoked. She pretended not to hear, and picked a bit of myrtle from Katy Ann's grave.

Margie came running then, "Look! Look!" she had a great clump of moss pink, roots and all. "I'm going to plant it at home. Will it grow, Grandpa?"

"Yes, yes," said Grandpa gently, "moss pink'll grow most anywhere."

It was a lovely May morning. Such sunshine, such bird calls, such air full of fragrance from the lilacs outside her window. Ruth sighed. But it was Memorial Day. She could hear Grandpa before she got up, rustling and clinking about his room, getting ready to go although they wouldn't start for three hours yet. Ruth slipped on the pretty dress that her mother had made, looked at herself in the glass for a minute—it was a lovely blue—and ran downstairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Berringer had had breakfast. Dad was shaving, and Mother was packing a hamper with all kinds of things to eat—chicken and devilled eggs, biscuits and sandwiches and cake—enough for a regiment, she said. Grandpa already had on his cap and sword. They hurried through the dishes and the chores, then piled into the carry-all, Dad and Grandpa in front, and Ruth and Mother and Margie in back, with the hamper and boxes of pansies and lilies-of-the-valley at their feet. On the road they met other carry-alls and cars. Everybody was going to the Memorial Day ceremony.

Young's Hall was already crowded; people coming with flowers, other people arranging them, veterans strutting about, and children darting everywhere. Ruth stopped at a table near the door and began arranging and tying bouquets.

It was going to be a warm day, worse luck. She was fumbling for her handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration, when a stir at the door made her turn. Someone was coming in with a load of flowers, staggering a little with their bulk. It was Tony! He stooped to the table beside her and laid them down. Then he straightened up, panting a little, perspiration about his eyes.

"Why, Tony! How lovely, and what a lot!" Ruth exclaimed.

They were lovely—wild azaleas from the woods, pale pink and deep rose, lupines in tall blue spires, and purple flag, the wild iris of the meadow, in great cool-stemmed bunches.

Tony beamed his flashing smile. "Sure, I get a lot! Up early," he waved a hand, "in d' woods and down d' track, I get d' best of d' different flower."

Everybody turned, "Oh, Tony!" but suddenly Tony had disappeared.

Once in a while Ruth looked at her watch. Eleven. Twelve. At twelve they had a bite to eat. At two they were marching up the street, stiff as stakes, hot and dusty; the drum corps playing, Grandpa and the veterans wabbling a bit as they marched. Then they moved slowly through the church-

yard. Ruth hated it all.

"John Whitney, private, Company M., Second Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers," read one veteran from the roll. Another crossed the flags above the grave, and John Whitney's granddaughter stooped and laid a bouquet beside them.

"Abner Drake, corporal," and so it went, up and down the gravel paths.

Then, "William Berringer, captain, War of the Revolution," they read, and Ruth stooped, feeling like wood, and laid her wreath on the grave. She heard Grandpa give a little cough, and knew that he was thinking of the time when she would do that for him.

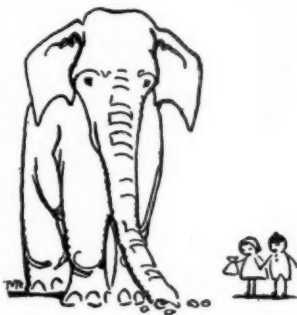
"Daniel Berringer, captain, War of 1812," the roll went on, and Margie stooped with her bouquet. There—that much was over, thank goodness, thought Ruth. Now for the exercises, the endless talking, then they could enjoy themselves at last at the picnic.

There was a pause at the church door, something about the seating inside, and Ruth, warm again, felt for her handkerchief. It was gone, and it was a nice one. She hated to lose it. She'd had it while they stood at the last grave. Maybe she'd have time to go back and get it. She glanced at the blocked doorway, then turned and flew along the path and around the corner of the church.

There she stopped short, for on the grass beside the grave of great-great-grandfather William Berringer, captain in the Revolution, lay Tony, shaking with sobs. Ruth spoke to him.

"Why, Tony! What is it? Tell me."

(Continued on page 62)



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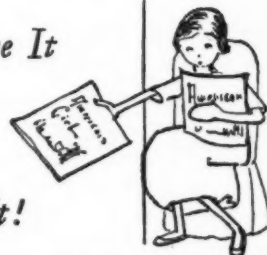
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A New Day for Ruth

(Continued from page 61)

Tony did not answer. He only wept. "Oh, Tony! What is it?" Ruth had never seen a boy cry like that.

Tony sat up, drew a great breath, "I no belong!"

Ruth stared at him. She couldn't understand. "You no belong?"

"No, I no belong!" Tony's eyes filled with tears again.

"But I don't see—"

Tony waved his arm, "No, I know you no see. You no care. Your folks, they all here, your grandma, your great-grandfather, d' captain, and all of them—all here. And you no care. I heard d' old man tell you last week, I behind d' wall, but you no care. You mad at d' old man—he talk so much. But I!" he struck his breast, "I care, and I got —no one! My mother? She die on d' ship. D' old ones, in the old country, far away. None here. I no belong!" Tony flung himself down again.

Ruth stood perplexed. What could she say to him? And then suddenly she knew. "Tony!" she cried, "You do belong! All who care belong!"

"All who care belong?" Tony repeated the words after her, doubtfully.

"Don't you see, Tony," Ruth said earnestly, "you belong to us because you care. You—why, Tony, you brought the nicest flowers of all."

"Come," Ruth pulled his sleeve, "the drum corps's begun. They must be marching in. Come!" and Tony came.

Everything was different. Ruth could hardly believe, when Grandpa got up, "Friends and comrades, we are here today to commemorate—" he seemed so dear, and when he came to, "Charge!" yells the captain, and I think, "Well, here goes! Katy Ann'll never see me again!" it seemed like a brand new story, and she clapped and cheered with the rest.

And when the oldest veteran of all, his voice quivering, said, "We will soon be gone. You must take the task from our hands, lead the procession," Ruth suddenly felt that it *was* a procession, like that afternoon, but vast and long; far ahead, with faint torn flags, great-great-grandfather Berringer and those soldiers of the Revolution in their buff and blue. Then nearer, Grandpa and the veterans of the Civil War, and their flags, grimed and tarnished. Then she herself and her classmates, gay with new flags. And behind them, little children, babies. And it would never end. It would go on forever, this streaming procession of people—marching, remembering.

Why did she feel so different? Why did she feel all tremble when the old veterans answered to the roll? Why did the flag drooping softly in the still air of the church, glowing softly in the shaded light, make the tears come? Why? Because she too, belonged. And she hadn't known it. That had been the trouble, with the marching, with the speeches. She hadn't known that she belonged. Mother had said, "If you felt different." And now she did. And as



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They were girls your age a few years ago, these women who write, paint and act today—

Mother had said, it was a lovely day, lovely to remember for a long time.

She glanced across the church at Tony's dark, glowing face. Tony had taught her. Outside on the lawns, people had spread long tables, the sun was getting low, in dark corners Japanese lanterns were beginning to twinkle. Mother and Dad and Grandpa were waiting for her, and neighbors were all around. Ruth had begun to help her mother unpack the basket when, turning suddenly, she saw a lonely figure

going down the street, the only one going home. Who was it? Tony? Tony! Trudging dejectedly down the street. Tony, who didn't belong, and who had no one to fix a picnic supper for him. He must go home alone.

She darted back, "Oh, Mother, can't I ask Tony to have supper with us? Tony belongs, just as we belong."

And Mother and Father and Grandpa nodded to her, smiling, and Grandpa said gently, "Yes, Ruthie, Tony belongs, too, just as all of us here belong."

"So You're Going to be a Freshman!"

(Continued from page 21)
inclusion in the accredited list of all the "Class A" colleges in the United States.

I Arrive at College

"So you're going to be a freshman!" said my casual Connecticut College friend to me as I stood on the platform of my New London-bound train on a mid-September Wednesday. Little did I know the hidden meanings of that verdant word!

I remember the well-dressed, slender, tousle-headed girl who sat opposite me on the train; the way we exchanged covert glances at each other and our new baggage. Each of us was wondering whether the other was school-bound and our eyes kept meeting disconcertingly. Finally we laughed outright at each other. Conversation revealed that we were going not only to the same college, but to the same house. Thus began one of my warmest college friendships.

Perhaps you may not find a housemate on your college-bound train. Perhaps you will not be one of the group of freshmen who early become famous because of their innocent "breaks". One of the most famous, now a stately senior at Connecticut, was among the freshmen who received a personal note of welcome from one of the deans of the college, Irene Ney. The name was unfamiliar to her, she supposed the writer was another girl who, in addition to her previously appointed roommate and "junior sister" was interested in her arrival. So she answered the dean, a friendly little note which began, "Dear Irene, Shall I need blankets?"

Perhaps even more immortal is that Smith College freshman, who upon being called for conference with a dean, entered her office in quaking confusion, and said timidly, "Is the Bean dizzy?"

"Freshman Week" is the same at most colleges. It is usually the period set apart to give you an opportunity to get acquainted with your new surroundings and living conditions before the beginning of academic work. You will go through the formal processes of registration, an almost interminable series of filling-out questionnaires. To help you make out your program you will have the assistance of a faculty adviser who will give you suggestions and advice as to what courses are available

for you in the light of your interests and needs and special qualifications.

You may have a written psychological test for the purpose of determining your "I. Q."—general intelligence quotient—the results of which are usually compared with a test taken your senior year. Questions varying from the simplest arithmetic problem to your estimate of the number of New York policemen who succumbed to pneumonia in the year 1926, may confront you.

Then when the activities of "Freshman Week" are over, wherever you are, you and your new classmates will assemble for morning chapel. Seniors, self-conscious in their newly acquired caps and gowns, will follow an awe-inspiring faculty procession down the narrow aisle.

You will hear college hymns, the presidential exhortation for faithful work during the coming year, the recession. Then you will rush back to your as-yet-unsettled room to write an enthusiastic family letter full of first impressions, you will make the sudden, amazing discovery that you are, at last, a full-fledged "college woman"!

A Wise Freshman

You will learn a lot about college in your first few weeks. Perhaps the glamor will fade a trifle as you begin your classwork and find that you cannot roll in the A's as easily as you did in high school. If you are a wise freshman, you will learn early to maintain the proper balance between work and play, to exert your will when your roommate says "How about some ice-skating this afternoon?" and reply, when necessary, "Not a chance—I've an English theme to get in."

You will find ample opportunity to develop your special interests: dramatics, college publications, language, science, art and literary clubs, athletics. Again, you will retain a level head in these activities—your common sense will remind you that one thing done well is worth several half done. You will find the self-government practiced in almost every woman's college gives you training in cooperation, in citizenship and in leadership. You will have few opportunities for being idle, and

(Continued on page 64)

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"So You're Going to be a Freshman!"

(Continued from page 63)

you will also find college is one of the places where money does not count. You can find ample opportunity to earn enough to help you meet tuition expenses by working as clerk, librarian, waitress, or in the post office or bookstore. Some of the best known students, a recent student government vice-president at my own college, for instance, became practically self-supporting at college.

The things I have mentioned you will find at every college. These things I found at Connecticut: the excitement filling my throat as my New York, New Haven and Hartford train rumbled into New London's water-front station—the friendly greeting from the dozen or more upper classmen assigned to meet newcomers and look after baggage and taxis; my first view of the cluster of Tudor stone buildings facing the famous Thames River, site of the annual Harvard-Yale boat races, the white vista of shoreless Long Island Sound stretching into the gleaming distance. To me it is the most splendid sight I know. But I know girls who feel the same way about Bryn Mawr, the beautifully located, academically proven, substantially endowed, ideal small college. To these girls, as to all who know Bryn Mawr, it is a place admitting no mediocrity; a place growing in, not out.

Another small college is Skidmore, with its high brown buildings, tree-shadowed walks, the friendly greeting at the first Christian Association reception, the Outing Club's first hike to historic Adam's Site.

Any college girl will tell you of these First Things.

Somewhere for you is the "best" college. Could it be Brenau in Georgia, where many athletic friends of mine have gone? It may be beautiful Sweet Briar in Virginia, or Wells College with its sixty-year-old tradition and highly selective student body. You may decide to choose Baltimore's Goucher; the red-bricked, rapidly growing Hood College in Maryland, or any one of a dozen others. Your choice will be determined by your individual opinion and circumstances and ambitions.

But whichever you choose for your Alma Mater, one thing is certain—you will get out of it what you put into it, what you sow in academic fields you will reap, the bread you cast on the collegiate waters will return to you. So if you are entering college next fall and if you have a leaning toward a small college—and I believe in the small college—start now to consider which your Alma Mater is to be.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—If you are still in doubt about which college you want to attend, you will get some more ideas in next month's article—the last of the series, "So You're Going to be a Freshman!" Watch for it.

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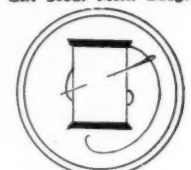
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Augusta Huiell Seaman, Edith Bishop Sherman, Clarice Detzer

Get Out Your Camera!

By H. FOSTER ENSMINGER

NOW that spring is really here, get out your camera for some serious picture taking. The following simple rules will soon make you a good photographer and developer if you are not already one.

The box type of camera is probably the easiest and the cheapest kind for the beginner. As it has a fixed focus lens, anyone can make clear pictures. First of all, be sure the day is sunny, for without a clear atmosphere you will get into difficulties through under-exposure. The best time during the day is from nine until about four. Always be sure when taking pictures that the sun is either at your back or on one side. Never have it shining directly at the camera as this will cause a foggy-looking picture.

There are four classes of outdoor subjects to master before attempting indoor pictures.

Class One: snow scenes, sea shore scenes and any distant object one mile or more away.

Class Two: ordinary landscapes showing sky, with a building or other object in the foreground.

Class Three: woody landscapes where little or no sky is seen; groups and street scenes.

Class Four: close-ups in the open shade, not under trees or roofs; shaded nearby scenes.

The first thing to decide is to which class the picture belongs and then give it the exposure recommended for that class.

On the box camera there is a small slide near the lens which, when pulled out, has three holes (called stops) large, medium and small. In taking pictures in Class One, this slide should be drawn out to the second hole, with a snapshot exposure.

Class Two should be taken with the largest stop, and a snapshot exposure.

Class Three has the same exposure as Class Two.

Class Four requires more attention to detail. A one-second exposure is necessary with the smallest stop. Pictures in this group should be taken resting the camera on something solid.

In considering background and the best angle from which scenery is to be taken, do not take anything you happen to see; study the surroundings and try to get the best possible view from the standpoint of light and composition. When everything is ready, be sure when you look through the finder that everything you intend to have is included in the picture, and be sure to hold the camera level. Hold it firmly against your waist and do not breathe while actually taking the picture, or you will have a blurred picture. Never get closer than ten feet to the subject or you will probably get pictures that are out of focus.

After the film has been exposed, unload the camera and have the film developed. Developing may be done at home



with very little expense and is a great deal of fun. The bathroom is the best place to work because it is easy to make a small room dark, and the running water is handy. It should be done at night unless the room can be made totally dark during the day. A red safe light is needed to see by and can be bought for about seventy-five cents at any photographic supply house. Two trays, five inches by seven inches, one for developing and one for fixing and washing the exposed film are essential.

Before attempting to develop the film, be sure your hands are thoroughly dry; have a towel handy to wipe them, for moist fingers will make finger prints on the dry film which will be impossible to remove and will look very bad on the finished prints. Break the seal on the film and unroll it until the white appears. This is the film and is the part to be developed. Allow this white part to roll up in one hand and the red paper in the other. When the end is reached, tear the paper off and throw it away, then take one end of the film and slowly unroll it, keeping the film stretched fairly tight to avoid kinks. With the film stretched out, place the end that is in the right hand in the developer, keeping the left hand high. By no means let go of the film with either hand. Slowly lower the left hand and raise the right, keeping part of the film immersed in the developer all the time.

When the left hand has reached the developer, the right hand should be in the air. Then slowly reverse the position, always having some of the film in the developer. Continue for five or six minutes when the film should be developed and placed in the fixing bath and moved about for a few minutes in the same manner. After it is in the fixing bath the white light may be turned on. The film should remain in this bath until it is black on both sides. Then put it in a pan and allow clear running water to wash it for about ten minutes, moving it around to insure thorough washing. Then hang it up to dry.

When the film is dry, it is ready for printing. First cut the film between the sections. Place one section in a printing frame (which will have to be purchased at a supply house) dull side up. Put the glossy side of the printing paper against the negative and close the frame. Hold the frame to the electric light for about seven seconds. Remove the paper and put it in the developer. An image should appear in about fifteen seconds. When it is dark enough, take it out and put it in the hypo or fixing bath for about ten minutes and then wash in running water for the same length of time. If the print gets too dark give the next print less time.

A lot of experimenting is necessary at first until you get the knack of handling the material. Then it will be fun to develop and print your own pictures.



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